

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXI. }

No. 1752.—January 12, 1878.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXVI.

## CONTENTS.

I. FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	67
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty." Part XI., . . . . .	<i>Good Words,</i> . . . . .	76
III. RUSSIAN AGGRESSION, AS SPECIALLY AFFECTING AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND TURKEY. By Louis Kossuth, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . . . .	94
IV. ERICA. Part VIII. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of . . .	<i>Frau von Ingersleben,</i> . . . . .	108
V. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant, . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .	118
VI. RUGBY FOOTBALL, . . . . .	<i>Tatler,</i> . . . . .	127

## POETRY.

A SUMMER EVENING, . . . . .	66	AT HER DOOR, . . . . .	66
THE HONEST FARMER, . . . . .	66	A MOMENT, . . . . .	66
A MAN'S REGRET, . . . . .	66		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	128
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A SUMMER EVENING.

## I.

THE summer sun is setting,  
The sky is red in the west,  
And over all hangs silence,  
And a feeling of peace and rest.

## II.

The sultry day is over,  
The light begins to fade,  
The farmer's weary horses  
Are standing in the shade.

## III.

The golden light of sunset  
Shines on the corn-fields round,  
And the breeze, as it passes over,  
Makes a sweet, rippling sound.

## IV.

The range of distant mountains  
Looks dark against the sky;  
And right across the river,  
A path of light doth lie.

## V.

I gazed till my eyes were dazzled,  
At the slowly sinking sun, —  
Till the stars peeped out above me,  
Telling the day was done.

Spectator.

ANON.

## THE HONEST FARMER.

(TO AN OLD TUNE.)

HAPPY I count the farmer's life,  
Its various round of wholesome toil;  
An honest man with loving wife,  
And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely! — in his breast  
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;  
His path more straight from east to west  
Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men;  
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;  
Not busy with his tongue or pen,  
He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,  
Nature's co-worker; all his skill  
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,  
Winds blow, herb, beast their laws fulfil.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;  
A manly manhood; cheerful age;  
His comely children proudly hold  
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,  
Guilt, — needless woe, and useless strife, —  
O cities, vain, inane, insane! —  
How happy is the farmer's life!

Fraser's Magazine.

## A MAN'S REGRET.

O MY child-love, my love of long ago,  
How great was life when you and I were  
young!  
The world was boundless for we did not know;  
And life a poem for we had not sung.

Now is the world grown small, and we thereon  
Fill with wise toil and woe each flying day;  
Elves from the wood, dreams from my heart  
are gone,  
And heaven is bare, for God is far away.

O my child-love, cannot you come again,  
And I look on you with grave innocent eyes?  
Your God has many angels; I would fain  
Woo for one hour one angel from the skies.

O my child-love, come back, come back to me,  
And laughing lead me from the care and  
din;  
Lay on my heart those small hands tenderly  
And lovingly to let the whole world in.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## AT HER DOOR.

A FOOL for my doubting and dreaming  
And following up and down!  
Shall I fill my life with scheming  
For a touch of my lady's gown?

Shall I plot from night to morning  
For the glance of a woman's eye?  
And take the wage of scorning,  
And wear shame's livery?

O footman, O wonder of whiteness  
And diplomatic cockade,  
O footman of much politeness  
For my lady's lady's-maid, —

As you open the door of the carriage,  
Just tell her I've gone away,  
But will come to dance at her marriage  
On somebody's happy day.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

## A MOMENT.

WHEN the lightning flashes by night,  
The raindrops seem  
A million jewels of light  
In the moment's gleam.

And often in gathering fears,  
A moment of love  
To jewels will turn the tears  
That it cannot remove.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Fortnightly Review.

### FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI.

"Di Firenze in prima si dividono intra loro i nobili, dipoi i nobili e il popolo, e in ultimo il popolo e la plebe; e molte volte occorse che una di queste parti rimasa superiore, si divise in due." — MACHIAVELLI.

#### I.

FLORENCE, like all Italian cities, owed her independence to the duel of the papacy and empire. The transference of the imperial authority beyond the Alps had enabled the burghs of Lombardy and Tuscany to establish a form of self-government. This government was based upon the old municipal organization of duumvirs and decemvirs. It was, in fact, nothing more or less than a survival from the ancient Roman system. The proof of this was, that while vindicating their rights as towns, the free cities never questioned the validity of the imperial title. Even after the peace of Constance in 1183, when Frederick Barbarossa acknowledged their autonomy, they received within their walls a supreme magistrate, with power of life and death and ultimate appeal in all decisive questions, whose title of *potestà* indicated that he represented the imperial power — *potestas*. It was not by the assertion of any right, so much as by the growth of custom, and by the weakness of the emperors, that in course of time each city became a sovereign state. The theoretical supremacy of the empire prevented any other authority from taking the first place in Italy. On the other hand, the practical inefficiency of the emperors to play their part encouraged the establishment of numerous minor powers amenable to no controlling discipline.

The free cities derived their strength from industry, and had nothing in common with the nobles of the surrounding country. Broadly speaking, the population of the towns included what remained in Italy of the old Roman people. This Roman stock was nowhere stronger than in Florence and Venice — Florence defended from barbarian incursions by her mountains and marshes, Venice by the isolation of her lagoons. The nobles, on the contrary, were mostly of foreign origin — Germans, Franks, and Lombards —

who had established themselves as feudal lords in castles apart from the cities. The force which the burghs acquired as industrial communities was soon turned against these nobles. The larger cities, like Milan and Florence, began to make war upon the lords of castles, and to absorb into their own territory the small towns and villages around them. Thus in the social economy of the Italians there were two antagonistic elements, ready to range themselves beneath any banners that should give the form of legitimate warfare to their mutual hostility. It was the policy of the Church in the twelfth century to support the cause of the cities, using them as a weapon against the empire, and stimulating the growing ambition of the burghers. In this way Italy came to be divided into the two world-famous factions known as Guelf and Ghibelline. The struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline was the struggle of the papacy for the depression of the empire, the struggle of the great burghs face to face with feudalism, the struggle of the old Italic stock enclosed in cities with the foreign nobles established in fortresses. When the Church had finally triumphed by the extirpation of the house of Hohenstauffen, this conflict of Guelf and Ghibelline was really ended. Until the reign of Charles V. no emperor interfered to any purpose in Italian affairs. At the same time the popes ceased to wield a formidable power. Having won the battle by calling in the French, they suffered the consequences of this policy by losing their hold on Italy during the long period of their exile at Avignon. The Italians, left without either pope or emperor, were free to pursue their course of internal development, and to prosecute their quarrels among themselves. But though the names of Guelf and Ghibelline lost their old significance after the year 1266 (the date of King Manfred's death), these two factions had so divided Italy that they continued to play a prominent part in her annals. Guelf still meant constitutional autonomy, meant the burgher as against the noble, meant industry as opposed to feudal lordship. Ghibelline meant the rule of the few over the many, meant tyranny, meant

the interest of the noble as against the merchant and the citizen. These broad distinctions must be borne in mind, if we seek to understand how it was that a city like Florence continued to be governed by parties, the European force of which had passed away.

Florence first rose into importance during the papacy of Innocent III. Up to this date she had been a town of second-rate distinction even in Tuscany. Pisa was more powerful by arms and commerce. Lucca was the old seat of the dukes and marquises of Tuscany. But between the years 1200 and 1250 Florence assumed the place she was to hold thenceforward, by heading the league of Tuscan cities formed to support the Gueft party against the Ghibellines. Formally adopting the Gueft cause, the Florentines made themselves the champions of municipal liberty in central Italy; and while they declared war against the Ghibelline cities, they endeavored to stamp out the very name of noble in their state. It is not needful to describe the varying fortunes of the Guefts and Ghibellines, the burghers and the nobles, during the thirteenth and the first half of the fourteenth centuries. Suffice it to say that through all the vicissitudes of that stormy period the name Gueft became more and more associated with republican freedom in Florence. At last, after the final triumph of that party in 1321, the Guefts remained victors in the city. Associating the glory of their independence with Gueft principles, the citizens of Florence perpetuated within their State a faction that, in its turn, was destined to prove perilous to liberty.

When it became clear that the republic was to rule itself henceforth untrammelled by imperial interference, the people divided themselves into six districts, and chose for each district two ancients, who administered the government in concert with the potestà and the captain of the people. The ancients were a relic of the old Roman municipal organization. The potestà, who was invariably a noble foreigner selected by the people, represented the extinct imperial right, and exercised the power of life and death within the city. The captain of the people, who was also a for-

eigner, headed the burghers in their military capacity, for at that period the troops were levied from the citizens themselves in twenty companies. The body of the citizens, or the *popolo*, were ultimately sovereigns in the State. Assembled under the banners of their several companies, they formed a *parlamento* for delegating their own power to each successive government. Their representatives, again, arranged in two councils, called the Council of the People and the Council of the Commune, under the presidency of the captain of the people and the potestà, ratified the measures which had previously been proposed and carried by the executive authority or *signoria*. Under this simple State system the Florentines placed themselves at the head of the Tuscan League, fought the battles of the Church, asserted their sovereignty by issuing the golden florin of the republic, and flourished until 1266.

In that year an important change was effected in the constitution. The whole population of Florence consisted, on the one hand, of nobles or *grandi*, as they were called in Tuscany, and on the other hand of working-people. The latter, divided into traders and handicraftsmen, were distributed in guilds called *arti*; and at that time there were seven greater and five lesser *arti*, the most influential of all being the guild of the wool-merchants. These guilds had their halls for meeting, their colleges of chief officers, their heads, called *consoli* or priors, and their flags. In 1266 it was decided that the administration of the commonwealth should be placed simply and wholly in the hands of the *arti*, and the priors of these industrial companies became the lords or Signory of Florence. No inhabitant of the city who had not enrolled himself as a craftsman in one of the guilds could exercise any function of burghership. To be *scioperato*, or without industry, was to be without power, without rank or place of honor in the State. The revolution which placed the arts at the head of the republic had the practical effect of excluding the *grandi* altogether from the government. Violent efforts were made by these noble families, potent through their territorial possessions

and foreign connections, and trained from boyhood in the use of arms, to recover the place from which the new laws thrust them; but their menacing attitude, instead of intimidating the burghers, roused their anger and drove them to the passing of still more stringent laws. In 1293, after the Ghibellines had been defeated in the great battle of Campaldino, a series of severe enactments, called the Ordinances of Justice, were decreed against the unruly *grandi*. All civic rights were taken from them; the severest penalties were attached to their slightest infringement of municipal law; their titles to land were limited; the privilege of living within the city walls was allowed them only under galling restrictions; and, last not least, a supreme magistrate, named the gonfalonier of justice, was created for the special purpose of watching them and carrying out the penal code against them. Henceforward Florence was governed exclusively by merchants and artisans. The *grandi* hastened to enrol themselves in the guilds, exchanging their former titles and dignities for the solid privilege of burghership. The exact parallel to this industrial constitution for a commonwealth, carrying on wars with emperors and princes, holding haughty captains in its pay, and dictating laws to subject cities, cannot, I think, be elsewhere found in history. It is as unique as the Florence of Dante and Giotto is unique. While the people was guarding itself thus stringently against the *grandi*, a separate body was created for the special purpose of extirpating the Ghibellines. A permanent committee of vigilance, called the college or the captains of the Guelph party, was established. It was their function to administer the forfeited possessions of Ghibelline rebels, to hunt out suspected citizens, to prosecute them for Ghibellinism, to judge them, and to punish them as traitors to the commonwealth. This body, like a little State within the State, proved formidable to the republic itself through the unlimited and undefined sway it exercised over burghers whom it chose to tax with treason. In course of time it became the oligarchical element within the Florentine democracy, and threatened to change the

free constitution of the city into a government conducted by a few powerful families.

There is no need to dwell in detail on the internal difficulties of Florence during the first half of the fourteenth century. Two main circumstances, however, require to be briefly noticed. These are (i.) the contest of the Blacks and Whites, so famous through the part played in it by Dante; and (ii.) the tyranny of the Duke of Athens, Walter de Brienne. The feuds of the Blacks and Whites broke up the city into factions, and produced such anarchy that at last it was found necessary to place the republic under the protection of foreign potentates. Charles of Valois was first chosen, and after him the Duke of Athens, who took up his residence in the city. Entrusted with dictatorial authority, he used his power to form a military despotism. Though his reign of violence lasted rather less than a year, it bore important fruits; for the tyrant, seeking to support himself upon the favor of the common people, gave political power to the lesser arts at the expense of the greater, and confused the old State system by enlarging the democracy. The net result of these events for Florence was, first, that the city became habituated to rancorous party strife involving exiles and proscriptions; and secondly, that it lost its primitive social hierarchy of classes.

After the Guelphs had conquered the Ghibellines, and the people had absorbed the *grandi* in their guilds, the next chapter in the troubled history of Florence was the division of the *popolo* against itself. Civil strife now declared itself as a conflict between labor and capital. The members of the lesser arts, craftsmen who plied trades subordinate to those of the greater arts, rose up against their social and political superiors, demanding a larger share in the government, a more equal distribution of profits, higher wages, and privileges that should place them on an absolute equality with the wealthy merchants. It was in the year 1378 that the proletariat broke out into rebellion. Previous events had prepared the way for this revolt. First of all, the republic had been democratized through the destruction of the *grandi* and

through the popular policy pursued to gain his own ends by the Duke of Athens. Secondly, society had been shaken to its very foundation by the great plague of 1348. Both Boccaccio and Matteo Villani draw lively pictures of the relaxed morality and loss of order consequent upon this terrible disaster; nor had thirty years sufficed to restore their relative position to grades and ranks confounded by an overwhelming calamity. We may, therefore, reckon the great plague of 1348 among the causes which produced the anarchy of 1378. Rising in a mass to claim their privileges, the artisans ejected the Signory from the public palace, and for a while Florence was at the mercy of the mob. It is worthy of notice that the Medici, whose name is scarcely known before this epoch, now come for one moment to the front. Salvestro de' Medici was gonfalonier of justice at the time when the tumult first broke out. He followed the faction of the handicraftsmen, and became the hero of the day. I cannot discover that he did more than extend a sort of passive protection to their cause. Yet there is no doubt that the attachment of the working-classes to the house of Medici dates from this period. The rebellion of 1378 is known in Florentine history as the tumult of the *ciompi*. The name *ciompi* strictly means the wool-carders. One set of operatives in the city, and that the largest, gave its title to the whole body of the laborers. For some months these craftsmen governed the republic, appointing their own Signory and passing laws in their own interest; but, as is usual, the proletariat found itself incapable of sustained government. The ambition and discontent of the *ciompi* foamed themselves away, and industrious working-men began to see that trade was languishing and credit on the wane. By their own act at last they restored the government to the priors of the greater art. Still the movement had not been without grave consequences. It completed the levelling of classes, which had been steadily advancing from the first in Florence. After the *ciompi* riot there was no longer not only any distinction between noble and burgher, but the distinction between greater and lesser guilds was practically swept away. The classes, parties, and degrees in the republic were so broken up, ground down, and mingled, that thenceforth the true source of power in the State was wealth combined with personal ability. In other words, the proper political *milieu* had been formed for unscrupulous adventurers.

Florence had become a democracy without social organization, which might fall a prey to oligarchs or despots. What remained of deeply rooted feuds or factions — animosities against the *grandi*, hatred for the Ghibellines, jealousy of labor and capital — offered so many points of leverage for stirring the passions of the people and for covering personal ambition with a cloak of public zeal. The time was come for the Albizzi to attempt an oligarchy, and for the Medici to begin the enslavement of the State.

The constitution of Florence offered many points of weakness to the attacks of such intriguers. In the first place it was in its origin not a political but an industrial organization — a simple group of guilds invested with the sovereign authority. Its two most powerful engines, the gonfalonier of justice and the Guelf College, had been formed, not with a view to the preservation of the government, but with the purpose of quelling the nobles and excluding a detested faction. It had no permanent head like the doge of Venice, no fixed senate like the Venetian Grand Council; its chief magistrates, the Signory, were elected for short periods of two months, and their mode of election was open to the gravest criticism. Supposed to be chosen by lot, they were really selected from lists drawn up by the factions in power from time to time. These factions contrived to exclude the names of all but their adherents from the bags, or *borse*, in which the burghers eligible for election had to be inscribed. Furthermore, it was not possible for this shifting Signory to conduct affairs requiring sustained effort and secret deliberation; therefore recourse was being continually had to dictatorial commissions. The people, summoned in parliament upon the great square, were asked to confer pleni-potentiary authority upon a committee called *balia*, who proceeded to do what they chose in the State, and who retained power after the emergency for which they were created passed away. The same instability in the supreme magistracy led to the appointment of special commissioners for war, and special councils, or *pratiche*, for the management of each department. Such supplementary commissions not only proved the weakness of the central authority, but they were always liable to be made the instruments of party warfare. The Guelf College was another and a different source of danger to the State. Not acting under the control of the Signory, but using its own initiative, this

powerful body could proscribe and punish burghers on the mere suspicion of Ghibellinism. Though the Ghibelline faction had become an empty name, the Guelph College excluded from the franchise all and every whom they chose on any pretext to admonish. Under this mild phrase, *to admonish*, was concealed a cruel exercise of tyranny — it meant to warn a man that he was suspected of treason, and that he had better relinquish the exercise of his burghership. By free use of this engine of admonition, the Guelph College rendered their enemies voiceless in the State, and were able to pack the Signory and the councils with their own creatures. Another important defect in the Florentine constitution was the method of imposing taxes. This was done by no regular system. The party in power made what estimate it chose of a man's capacity to bear taxation, and called upon him for extraordinary loans. In this way citizens were frequently driven into bankruptcy and exile; and since to be a debtor to the State deprived a burgher of his civic rights, severe taxation was one of the best ways of silencing and neutralizing a dissident. I have enumerated these several causes of weakness in the Florentine State system, partly because they show how irregularly the constitution had been formed by the patching and extension of a simple industrial machine to suit the needs of a great commonwealth; partly because it was through these defects that the democracy merged gradually into a despotism. The art of the Medici consisted in a scientific comprehension of these very imperfections, a methodic use of them for their own purposes, and a steady opposition to any attempts made to substitute a stricter system. The Florentines had determined to be an industrial community, governing themselves on the co-operative principle, dividing profits, sharing losses, and exposing their magistrates to rigid scrutiny. All this in theory was excellent. Had they remained an unambitious and peaceful commonwealth, engaged in the wool and silk trade, it might have answered. Modern Europe might have admired the model of a truly communistic and commercial democracy. But when they engaged in aggressive wars, and sought to enslave sister cities like Pisa and Lucca, it was soon found that their simple trading constitution would not serve. They had to piece it out with subordinate machinery, cumbrous, difficult to manage, ill-adapted to the original structure. Each limb of this subordinate machinery, moreover,

was a *point d'appui* for insidious and self-seeking party leaders.

Florence, in the middle of the fourteenth century, was a vast beehive of industry. Distinctions of rank among burghers, qualified to vote and hold office, were theoretically unknown. Highly educated men, of more than princely wealth, spent their time in shops and counting-houses, and trained their sons to follow trades. Military service at this period was abandoned by the citizens; they preferred to pay mercenary troops for the conduct of their wars. Nor was there, as in Venice, any outlet for their energies upon the seas. Florence had no navy, no great port — she only kept a small fleet for the protection of her commerce. Thus the vigor of the commonwealth was concentrated on itself; while the influence of the citizens, through their affiliated trading-houses, correspondents, and agents, extended like a network over Europe. In a community of this kind it was natural that wealth — rank and titles being absent — should alone confer distinction. Accordingly we find that out of the very bosom of the people a new plutocratic aristocracy begins to rise. The *grandi* are no more; but certain families achieve distinction by their riches, their numbers, their high spirit, and their ancient place of honor in the State. These nobles of the purse obtained the name of *popolani nobili*; and it was they who now began to play at high stakes for the supreme power. In all the subsequent vicissitudes of Florence, every change takes place by intrigue and by clever manipulation of the political machine. Recourse is rarely had to violence of any kind, and the leaders of revolutions are men of the yard-measure, never of the sword. The despotism to which the republic eventually succumbed was no less commercial than the democracy had been. Florence in the days of her slavery remained a *popolo*.

The opening of the second half of the fourteenth century had been signalized by the feuds of two great houses, both risen from the people. These were the Albizzi and the Ricci. At this epoch there had been a formal closing of the lists of burghers; henceforth no new families who might settle in the city could claim the franchise, vote in the assemblies, or hold magistracies. The Guelph College used their old engine of admonition to persecute *novi homines*, whom they dreaded as opponents. At the head of this formidable organization the Albizzi placed themselves, and worked it with such skill that

they succeeded in driving the Ricci out of all participation in the government. The tumult of the *ciompi* formed but an episode in their career toward oligarchy; indeed, that revolution only rendered the political material of the Florentine republic more plastic in the hands of intriguers by removing the last vestiges of class distinctions, and by confusing the old parties of the State.

When the Florentines in 1387 engaged in their long duel with Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the difficulty of conducting this war without some permanent central authority still further confirmed the power of the rising oligarchs. The Albizzi became daily more autocratic, until in 1393 their chief, Maso degli Albizzi, a man of strong will and prudent policy, was chosen gonfalonier of justice. Assuming the sway of a dictator, he revised the list of burghers capable of holding office, struck out the private opponents of his house, and excluded all names but those of powerful families who were well affected towards an aristocratic government. The great house of the Alberti were exiled in a body, declared rebels, and deprived of their possessions, for no reason except that they seemed dangerous to the Albizzi. It was in vain that the people murmured against these arbitrary acts. The new rulers were omnipotent in the Signory, which they packed with their own men, in the great guilds, and in the Guelph College. All the machinery invented by the industrial community for its self-management and self-defence, was controlled and manipulated by a close body of aristocrats with the Albizzi at their head. It seemed as though Florence, without any visible alteration in her forms of government, was rapidly becoming an oligarchy even less open than the Venetian republic. Meanwhile, the affairs of the State were most flourishing. The strong-handed masters of the city not only held the duke of Milan in check, and prevented him from turning Italy into a kingdom, they furthermore acquired the cities of Pisa, Livorno, Arezzo, Montepulciano, and Cortona, for Florence, making her the mistress of all Tuscany, with the exception of Siena, Lucca, and Volterra. Maso degli Albizzi was the ruling spirit of the commonwealth, spending the enormous sum of eleven million five hundred thousand golden florins on war, raising sumptuous edifices, protecting the arts, and acting in general like a powerful and irresponsible prince.

In spite of public prosperity, there were signs, however, that this rule of a few

families could not last. Their government was only maintained by continual revision of the lists of burghers, by elimination of the disaffected, and by unremitting personal industry. They introduced no new machinery into the constitution, whereby the people might be deprived of its titular sovereignty, or their own dictatorship might be continued with a semblance of legality. Again, they neglected to win over the new nobles (*nobili popolani*) in a body to their cause; and thus they were surrounded by rivals ready to spring upon them when a false step should be made. The Albizzi oligarchy was a masterpiece of art, without any force to sustain it but the craft and energy of its constructors. It had not grown up like the Venetian oligarchy, by the gradual assimilation to itself of all the vigor in the State. It was bound, sooner or later, to yield to the nascent impulse of democracy inherent in Florentine institutions.

Maso degli Albizzi died in 1417. He was succeeded in the government by his old friend, Niccolo da Uzzano, a man of great eloquence and wisdom, whose single word swayed the councils of the people as he listed. Together with him acted Maso's son, Rinaldo, a youth of even more brilliant talents than his father, frank, noble, and high-spirited, but far less cautious. The oligarchy, which these two men undertook to manage, had accumulated against itself the discontent of overtaxed, disfranchised, jealous burghers. The times, too, were bad. Pursuing the policy of Maso, the Albizzi engaged the city in a tedious and unsuccessful war with Filippo Maria Visconti, which cost three hundred and fifty thousand golden florins, and brought no credit. In order to meet extraordinary expenses, they raised new public loans, thereby depreciating the value of the old Florentine funds. What was worse, they imposed forced subsidies with grievous inequality upon the burghers, passing over their friends and adherents, and burdening their opponents with more than could be borne. This imprudent financial policy began the ruin of the Albizzi. It caused a clamor in the city for a new system of more just taxation, which was too powerful to be resisted. The voice of the people made itself loudly heard; and with the people on this occasion sided Giovanni de' Medici. This was in 1427.

It is here that the Medici appear upon that memorable scene, where in the future they are to play the first part. Giovanni

de' Medici did not belong to the same branch of his family as the Salvestro who favored the people at the time of the *ciompi* tumult. But he adopted the same popular policy. To his sons, Cosimo and Lorenzo, he bequeathed on his death-bed the rule that they should invariably adhere to the cause of the multitude, found their influence on that, and avoid the arts of factious and ambitious leaders. In his own life he had pursued this course of conduct, acquiring a reputation for civic moderation and impartiality that endeared him to the people, and stood his children in good stead. Early in his youth Giovanni found himself almost destitute by reason of the imposts charged upon him by the oligarchs. He possessed, however, the genius for money-making to a rare degree, and passed his manhood as a banker, amassing the largest fortune of any private citizen in Italy. In his old age he devoted himself to the organization of his colossal trading business, and abstained, as far as possible, from political intrigues. Men observed that they rarely met him in the public palace or on the great square.

Cosimo de' Medici was thirty years old when his father Giovanni died in 1429. During his youth he had devoted all his time and energy to business, mastering the complicated affairs of Giovanni's banking-house, and travelling far and wide through Europe to extend its connections. This education made him a consummate financier; and those who knew him best were convinced that his ambition was set on great things. However quietly he might begin, it was clear that he intended to match himself as a leader of the plebeians against the Albizzi. The foundations he prepared for future action were equally characteristic of the man, of Florence, and of the age. Commanding the enormous capital of the Medicean bank, he contrived, at any sacrifice of temporary convenience, to lend money to the State for war expenses, engrossing in his own hands a large portion of the public debt of Florence. At the same time his agencies in various European capitals enabled him to keep his own wealth floating, far beyond the reach of foes within the city. A few years of this system ended in so complete a confusion between Cosimo's trade and the finances of Florence, that the bankruptcy of the Medici, however caused, would have compromised the credit of the State and the fortunes of the fundholders. Cosimo, in a word, made himself necessary to Florence by the wise

use of his riches. Furthermore, he kept his eye upon the list of burghers, lending money to needy citizens, putting good things in the way of struggling traders, building up the fortunes of men who were disposed to favor his party in the State, ruining his opponents by the legitimate process of commercial competition, and, when occasion offered, introducing new voters into the Florentine council by paying off the debts of those who were disqualified by poverty from using the franchise. While his capital was continually increasing he lived frugally, and employed his wealth solely for the consolidation of his political influence. By these arts Cosimo became formidable to the oligarchs and beloved by the people. His supporters were numerous, and held together by the bonds of immediate necessity or personal cupidity. The plebeians and the merchants were all on his side. The *grandi* and the *ammontiti*, excluded from the State by the practices of the Albizzi, had more to hope from the Medicean party than from the few families who still contrived to hold the reins of government. It was clear that a conflict to the death must soon commence between the oligarchy and this new faction.

At last in 1433 war was declared. The first blow was struck by Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who put himself in the wrong by attacking a citizen indispensable to the people at large, and guilty of no unconstitutional act. On September 7th of that year, a year decisive for the future destinies of Florence, he summoned Cosimo to the public palace, which he had previously occupied with troops at his command. There he declared him a rebel to the State, and had him imprisoned in a little square room in the central tower. The tocsin was sounded; the people were assembled in parliament upon the piazza. The Albizzi held the main streets with armed men, and forced the Florentines to place plenipotentiary power for the administration of the commonwealth at this crisis in the hands of a *balia*, or committee selected by themselves. It was always thus that acts of high tyranny were effected in Florence. A show of legality was secured by gaining the compulsory sanction of the people, driven by soldiery into the public square, and hastily ordered to recognize the authority of their oppressors.

The bill of indictment against the Medici accused them of sedition in the year 1378, that is in the year of the *ciompi* tumult, and of treasonable practice during

the whole course of the Albizzi administration. It also strove to fix upon them the odium of the unsuccessful war against the town of Lucca. As soon as the Albizzi had unmasked their batteries, Lorenzo de' Medici managed to escape from the city, and took with him his brother Cosimo's children to Venice. Cosimo remained shut up within the little room called Barberia in Arnolfo's tower. From that high eagle's nest the sight can range Valdarno far and wide. Florence with her towers and domes lies below; and the blue peaks of Carrara close a prospect westward than which, with its villa-jewelled slopes and fertile gardens, there is nought more beautiful upon the face of earth. The prisoner can have paid but little heed to this fair landscape. He heard the frequent ringing of the great bell that called the Florentines to council, the tramp of armed men on the piazza, the coming and going of the burghers in the palace halls beneath. On all sides lurked anxiety and fear of death. Each mouthful he tasted might be poisoned. For many days he partook of only bread and water, till his gaoler restored his confidence by sharing all his meals. In this peril he abode twenty-four days. The Albizzi, in concert with the *balia* they had formed, were consulting what they might venture to do with him. Some voted for his execution. Others feared the popular favor, and thought that, if they killed Cosimo, this act would ruin their own power. The nobler natures among them determined to proceed by constitutional measures. At last, upon the 29th of September, it was settled that Cosimo should be exiled to Padua for ten years. The Medici were declared *grandi*, by way of excluding them from political rights. But their property remained untouched; and on the 3rd of October Cosimo was released.

On the same day Cosimo took his departure. His journey northward resembled a triumphant progress. He left Florence a simple burgher; he entered Venice a powerful prince. Though the Albizzi seemed to have gained the day, they had really cut away the ground beneath their feet. They committed the fatal mistake of doing both too much and too little—too much because they declared war against an innocent man, and roused the sympathies of the whole people in his behalf; too little, because they had not the nerve to complete their act by killing him outright and extirpating his party. Machiavelli, in one of his profoundest and most cynical critiques, remarks that few men know how

to be thoroughly bad with honor to themselves. Their will is evil; but the grain of good in them—some fear of public opinion, some repugnance to committing a signal crime—paralyzes their arm at the moment when it ought to have been raised to strike. He instances Gian Paolo Baglioni's omission to murder Julius II. when that pope placed himself within his clutches at Perugia. He might also have instanced Rinaldo degli Albizzi's refusal to push things to extremities by murdering Cosimo. It was the combination of despotic violence in the exile of Cosimo with constitutional moderation in the preservation of his life, that betrayed the weakness of the oligarchs, and restored confidence to the Medicean party.

In the course of the year 1434 this party began to hold up its head. Powerful as the Albizzi were, they only retained the government by artifice; and now they had done a deed which put at naught their former arts and intrigues. A Signory favorable to the Medici came into office, and on the 26th of September, 1434, Rinaldo in his turn was summoned to the palace and declared a rebel. He strove to raise the forces of his party, and entered the piazza at the head of eight hundred men. The menacing attitude of the people, however, made resistance perilous. Rinaldo disbanded his troops, and placed himself under the protection of Pope Eugenius IV., who was then resident in Florence. This act of submission proved that Rinaldo had not the courage or the cruelty to try the chance of civil war. Whatever his motives may have been, he lost his hold upon the State beyond recovery. On the 29th of September a new parliament was summoned; on the 2nd of October, Cosimo was recalled from exile and the Albizzi were banished. The intercession of the pope procured for them nothing but the liberty to leave Florence unmolested. Rinaldo turned his back upon the city he had governed, never to set foot in it again. On the 6th of October, Cosimo, having passed through Padua, Ferrara, and Modena like a conqueror, re-entered the town amid the plaudits of the people, and took up his dwelling as an honored guest in the palace of the republic. The subsequent history of Florence is the history of his family. In after years the Medici loved to remember this return of Cosimo. His triumphal reception was painted in fresco on the walls of their villa at Cajano under the transparent allegory of Cicero's entrance into Rome.

By their brief exile the Medici had gained the credit of injured innocence, the fame of martyrdom in the popular cause. Their foes had struck the first blow, and in striking at them had seemed to aim against the liberties of the republic. The mere failure of their adversaries to hold the power they had acquired, handed over this power to the Medici; and the reprisals which the Medici began to take had the show of justice, not of personal hatred, or of petty vengeance. Cosimo was a true Florentine. He disliked violence, because he knew that blood spilt cries for blood. His passions, too, were cool and temperate. No gust of anger, no intoxication of success, destroyed his balance. His one object, the consolidation of power for his family on the basis of popular favor, was kept steadily in view; and he would do nothing that might compromise that end. Yet he was neither generous nor merciful. We therefore find that from the first moment of his return to Florence he instituted a system of pitiless and unforgiving persecution against his old opponents. The Albizzi were banished, root and branch, with all their followers, consigned to lonely and often to unwholesome stations through the length and breadth of Italy. If they broke the bonds assigned them, they were forthwith declared traitors, and their property was confiscated. After a long series of years, by merely keeping in force the first sentence pronounced upon them, Cosimo had the cruel satisfaction of seeing the whole of that proud oligarchy die out by slow degrees in the insufferable tedium of solitude and exile. Even the high-souled Palla degli Strozzi, who had striven to remain neutral, and whose wealth and talents were devoted to the revival of classical studies, was proscribed because to Cosimo he seemed too powerful. Separated from his children, he died in banishment at Padua. In this way the return of the Medici involved the loss to Florence of some noble citizens, who might perchance have checked the Medicean tyranny if they had stayed to guide the State. The plebeians, raised to wealth and influence by Cosimo before his exile, now took the lead in the republic. He used these men as cat's-paws, rarely putting himself forward or allowing his own name to appear, but pulling the wires of government in privacy by means of intermediate agents. The Medicean party was called at first *Puccini* from a certain Puccio, whose name was better known in caucus or committee than that of his real master. To rule through

these creatures of his own making taxed all the ingenuity of Cosimo; but his profound and subtle intellect was suited to the task, and he found unlimited pleasure in the exercise of his consummate craft. We have already seen to what extent he used his riches for the acquisition of political influence. Now that he had come to power, he continued the same method, packing the Signory and the councils with men whom he could hold by debt between his thumb and finger. His command of the public moneys enabled him to wink at speculation in State offices; it was part of his system to bind magistrates and secretaries to his interest by their consciousness of guilt condoned but not forgotten. Not a few, moreover, owed their living to the appointments he procured for them. While he thus controlled the wheel-work of the commonwealth by means of organized corruption, he borrowed the arts of his old enemies to oppress dissentient citizens. If a man took an independent line in voting, and refused allegiance to the Medicean party, he was marked out for persecution. No violence was used; but he found himself hampered in his commerce—money, plentiful for others, became scarce for him; his competitors in trade were subsidized to undersell him. And while the avenues of industry were closed, his fortune was taxed above its value, until he had to sell at a loss in order to discharge his public obligations. In the first twenty years of the Medicean rule, seventy families had to pay four million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand golden florins of extraordinary imposts, fixed by arbitrary assessment.

The more patriotic members of his party looked with dread and loathing on this system of corruption and exclusion. To their remonstrances Cosimo replied in four memorable sayings: "Better the State spoiled than the State not ours." "Governments cannot be carried on with paternosters." "An ell of scarlet makes a burgher." "I aim at finite aims." These maxims represent the whole man,—first, in his egotism, eager to gain Florence for his family, at any risk of her ruin; secondly, in his cynical acceptance of base means to selfish ends; thirdly, in his bourgeois belief that money makes a man, and fine clothes suffice for a citizen; fourthly, in his worldly ambition bent on positive success. It was, in fact, his policy to reduce Florence to the condition of a rotten borough: nor did this policy fail. One notable sign of the influence he exercised was the change which now came over the

foreign relations of the republic. Up to the date of his dictatorship, Florence had uniformly fought the battle of freedom in Italy. It was the chief merit of the Albizzi oligarchy that they continued the traditions of the mediæval State, and by their vigorous action checked the growth of the Visconti. Though they engrossed the government, they never forgot that they were first of all things Florentines, and only in the second place men who owed their power and influence to office. In a word, they acted like patriotic Tories, like republican patricians. Therefore they would not ally themselves with tyrants or countenance the enslavement of free cities by armed despots. Their subjugation of the Tuscan burghs to Florence was itself part of a grand republican policy. Cosimo changed all this. When the Visconti dynasty ended by the death of Filippo Maria in 1447, there was a chance of restoring the independence of Lombardy. Milan in effect declared herself a republic, and by the aid of Florence she might at this moment have maintained her liberty. Cosimo, however, entered into treaty with Francesco Sforza, supplied him with money, guaranteed him against Florentine interference, and saw with satisfaction how he reduced the duchy to his military tyranny. The Medici were conscious that they, selfishly, had most to gain by supporting despots who in time of need might help them to confirm their own authority. With the same end in view, when the legitimate line of the Bentivogli were extinguished, Cosimo hunted out a bastard pretender of that family, presented him to the chiefs of the Bentivogli faction, and had him placed upon the seat of his supposed ancestors at Bologna. This young man, a certain Santi da Cascese, presumed to be the son of Ercole de' Bentivogli, was an artisan in a wool-factory when Cosimo set eyes upon him. At first Santi refused the dangerous honor of governing a proud republic; but the intrigues of Cosimo prevailed, and the obscure craftsman ended his days a powerful prince.

By the arts I have attempted to describe, Cosimo in the course of his long life absorbed the forces of the republic into himself. While he shunned the external signs of despotic power, he made himself the master of the State. His complexion was of a pale olive; his stature short; abstemious and simple in his habits, affable in conversation, sparing of speech, he knew how to combine that burgher-like civility for which the Romans praised Au-

gustus, with the reality of a despotism all the more difficult to combat because it seemed nowhere and was everywhere. When he died at the age of seventy-five, in 1464, the people whom he had enslaved, but whom he had neither injured nor insulted, honored him with the title of *Pater Patriæ*. This was inscribed upon his tomb in S. Lorenzo. He left to posterity the fame of a great and generous patron, the infamy of a cynical, self-seeking, bourgeois tyrant. Such combinations of contradictory qualities were common enough at the time of the Renaissance. Did not Machiavelli spend his days in tavern-brawls and low amours, his nights among the mighty spirits of the dead, with whom, when he had changed his country suit of homespun for the habit of the court, he found himself an honored equal?

J. A. SYMONDS.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XLVI.

HATE.

DORIS had also seen the abrupt parting between Ralph and Rica, and she guessed they had quarrelled.

Mr. Burneston frowned and grumbled at his son's absence from the breakfast-table.

"Late rising is a very bad habit," he said to Rica; "I hope, my dear, you don't indulge in it."

"I? oh no, I'm always up early," she said abruptly; "but indeed, Mr. Burneston, your son is not late this morning, he was in—in the garden before I came down."

The squire had looked at her in his usual easy, careless fashion, but as she went on speaking his gaze became earnest, for she grew crimson, hesitated, and ended by looking down into her plate, wishing she could get anywhere out of sight.

Raine had been reading a letter, but the pause that followed made him conscious that something was happening. He looked up and saw the squire's puzzled face, and Rica's guilty confusion. He had been very happy this morning, and his absorption had been caused by a resolve, spite of the letters, which urged his return home, to spend another week at Burnes-

ton. He had heard Ralph's name, and some instinct told him that his cousin was being discussed, and now Rica's face showed him that her interest in the young fellow was much warmer than he had supposed. He felt all at once irritable and cynical.

"Where's Ralph this morning?" he said impatiently. He looked first at Mr. Burneston, then at Rica, and ended with Doris.

"He will be here directly, I dare say," Mrs. Burneston answered calmly. Then she looked on to Rica, "Have you finished, Rica?" she said. "I want to show you some songs that have come up from London; we can try them presently, if you like."

"Very well, I'll come now," and Rica rose to follow her friend.

"What would ladies do in the country, I wonder, without parcels from London?" Raine said. "They are about the only outside help you have in getting through the day." He looked directly at Rica.

"I don't think educated women need outside help of that sort," she said so seriously that Mr. Burneston looked astonished. "It seems to me that women as a rule waste fewer minutes than men do; they have so many small duties to fill up little corners of life with."

"Or they think so," Raine said, so bitterly that even the squire wondered at his tone. "One thing is certain, they can always flirt in any corner of life, and then they can talk—that is the inestimable advantage they possess over the slower, dumber animals. They have nimbler and better-balanced tongues."

"Come, come, Gilbert, I thought love of dress and tidiness used to be the chief feminine defects in your catalogue; you are growing spiteful, old fellow."

"I've no doubt," Rica said, "that Mr. Raine would like our tongue tips to be burnt as they used to be by the Inquisition."

Doris laughed. "He is incorrigible; Philip, you had better read him a lecture." She moved to the door. "Come, Rica, are you ready?"

Mrs. Burneston had noticed Rica's confusion, and then Gilbert's vexed manner; but she did not look at him as she rose to open the door, or she would have seen that he was frowning at her.

"Rica cannot care for that unfledged boy," he thought. "I can't do her the injustice to think that she cares for him seriously—but why does she flirt? Why need she notice him in the way she does?

She's but an ordinary woman, after all. How right I've been all through these years; women can't be trusted. That girl only encourages Ralph because she sees he must be a rich man some day, and she is a poor clergyman's daughter, so she keeps him in tow. I believe it's half of it Mrs. Burneston's doing. She is charming to look at and pleasant to talk to, and so on, but she is thoroughly worldly and scheming, the worst possible adviser such a girl as Rica Masham could have, and yet"—he closed the door on the two ladies—"I thought Mrs. Burneston disliked her stepson too much to wish to marry him to her friend. I can't make her out, she's a sphinx. They are all sphinxes. But what a fool I am to worry about it! I'll go back to Austin's End."

The sphinx leads the way to her sitting-room, but when they reached the book landing facing the Clytie, Rica stopped.

"I'll not come with you now, Doris; I'll come presently."

Her friend turned round and gave her a long, searching glance, then she smiled.

"Shall I tell you what you mean, Rica?" Then seeing a vexed look in her friend's face, "I know you want to avoid me just now; but don't be afraid, dear, I'm not going to tease you," she said gravely; "but I do earnestly wish to ask you a question at once."

"Very well; I'll come now. I don't pledge myself to answer your question, you know," she said saucily.

She said to herself as she followed Doris,—

"I shall not tell her; she is not Ralph's own mother, and I don't think she judges him fairly. I should hate her if she had the stiff, polite manner with me she has with that boy. If I had not been a coward I might have told her how unkind she is, and so have helped the poor fellow."

Like all impulsive people, Rica was full of quick contrition, and her anger at Ralph's vehemence to her had soon melted into self-condemnation. Her manner must have deceived him, and led him on, she thought, or he would not have spoken as he had done. She gave a little sigh. Why had it been natural to feel at her ease with Ralph—almost a stranger—and yet with Mr. Raine, whom she had met before at Burneston, she had each day, so it seemed to her, to begin the acquaintance afresh? Life was a great puzzle.

"I am not going to stay long with you this morning," she said to Doris. "I have

to write to my father and tell him when to expect me."

Doris gave her one of the sweet rare smiles which little Phil had inherited.

"You may as well sit down and listen instead of standing," she said. "And Rica, dear, you must not talk of going home, I want you so much. I cannot part with you yet. Is it your quarrel this morning that makes you talk of going away? I think you have quarrelled with Ralph, have you not?"

"Doris!" said Rica impetuously, "I told you I should not answer questions; there are several reasons why I must go home."

Doris fixed another of her long, searching glances on her friend; at first Rica stood it bravely, but at Doris's next question her cheeks burned and her hands grew cold all at once.

"Do you like Mr. Raine, Rica?"

Rica struggled angrily with her confusion. She forced a laugh, and looked up at her friend saucily.

"I really don't know. What does it matter? Why do you ask me? Perhaps I do a little."

"A good deal, I think. Come, Rica, am I your friend or am I not? Friends should have no secrets."

"I really do not know how to answer you. Sometimes I think I like him, and then, when we have parted quite good friends, he says, next time we meet, something so very rude, so horribly unkind about women. Did you hear what he said just now? I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes, I was so angry."

Doris smiled. "You are too sensitive. He is only teasing you. However, dear, you have answered my question. You would not care for the opinion of a man you dislike—it would not bring you to tears."

She bent down and gave her friend a warm kiss.

This was so unlike Doris that Rica felt puzzled. Very rosy she returned the kiss, but did not know what to say next.

"I mean this"—Doris saw the question in her eyes—"I was beginning to be really afraid that you cared for Ralph, and this troubled me. Mr. Raine is so much better suited to you than that boy—"

Rica colored violently, and rose up to go away.

"Oh, please don't!" she said, "I know I shall displease you some day, for all your love and goodness to me; but I can't talk this kind of talk—only, yes—stop an in-

stant; there is something I will say out to you." Her eyes brightened with sudden energy, and she went hurriedly on. "I know I ought to have said it sooner. Doris dear, why are you always so unkind to Ralph Burneston?"

More than once at Pelican House, Rica, in her abrupt, frank remonstrances, had taken her friend's proud reserve by storm; but since Doris's marriage a barrier had come between these two which even Rica's playful fearlessness had shrunk from over-leaping.

At this direct question Doris first flushed deeply; then, as the color fled away, leaving her paler than before it came, she looked coldly and proudly at her friend.

"In what way am I unkind? A general charge is vague, and means really nothing."

Rica started; a cold chill fell on her glowing mood. She could not have believed that Doris could have spoken to her so haughtily. For a moment she hesitated. It seemed to her that any further urging must certainly produce a quarrel, and she could not bear to quarrel with Doris. Against this hesitation her independent spirit rose. She had a right as Doris's chosen friend to tell her of her faults; she was quite willing to take advice about her own, and she resented the tone in which Doris had spoken; it stung her and set her temper on edge.

"It seems to me you never speak really kindly to him—your manner is forced. You treat him like a stranger. Why, I am much more intimate with him than you are."

"I could justify my coldness towards Ralph by telling you of his misconduct; but that would really be unkind. He is a very unsatisfactory person. Do not let us talk of him."

She turned away deeply wounded; she was utterly disappointed in Rica. Ralph must have gained great influence to make the girl take his part against her own friend.

"Ah, but, Doris, look at me now, and don't be angry." She took both her friend's hands; but Mrs. Burneston did not smile. "Years ago, when I was here, you always spoke of him in the same cold, severe way, as if he were a sort of criminal, when he was really only a boy; and he's only a boy still—only a year older than our Egbert, and you can't think how indulgent my father is to Egbert; he says it is the greatest mistake to be unloving to boys."

"Your father doubtless knows how to manage his own son, but you do not know how he would behave in my place," said Doris. She spoke very coldly, but so quietly that Rica had no idea of the storm she had raised.

It had come to this, then, Doris thought. The hateful tie of caste obliterated all memories of past affection and of present kindness; for to her practical mind, with its ever-increasing worldly views, these visits to Burneston were for Rica steps in the social scale not to be attained by other means. Rica considered Ralph her equal, and had towards him a fellow-feeling, a sympathy, which could not exist between her and a farmer's daughter.

"My own folly for taking her to the Cairn, and asking her to my wedding!" She had said this to herself with whitening lips while she listened to Rica.

"Oh, Doris, you are angry still!" the girl said eagerly, "and it's all my fault. Say you forgive me. Perhaps I should not interfere; indeed I do it in love, and of course I might have done it better; I am sure to blunder at things. If I could only be father for five minutes! I believe I mean this; you, who are so clever and so perfect in your ways, can get so much power over people. Oh, Doris! remember how you could make the girls love you, even without trying, at Pelican House; couldn't you, if you chose, still make this boy love you, and be guided by you—worship you almost? Remember he's never had a mother to teach him since he's been any age. When I saw him on your wedding-day I thought, ah, how he will improve! for, indeed, it seemed to me you would be an angel in the house."

Doris's lips relaxed their unpleasant tension.

"Rica, you forget one thing," she said sadly. "I never was what you fancied me; I am not an angel—far from one. You are so very enthusiastic that you exaggerate both the bad and the good in me. If Ralph Burneston had been different to me I might have been different to him. Now it is too late."

"Oh, Doris! and he so loves your boy, and Phil dotes on his brother."

A dark shadow, the darkest Rica had ever seen there, fell on the lovely face.

"I am very sorry for it, for as he grows older I cannot possibly allow them to associate. Ralph's example would ruin his brother. Rica, once for all, you do not know this young fellow as I do."

There was such intense bitterness in her tones that Rica recoiled. It seemed to her

that some other woman had usurped the lovely shape of her friend, Doris was so entirely transformed when she spoke of Ralph Burneston.

Should she cease speaking, and pray all the more earnestly that Doris's heart might soften? and yet that longing to finish our work which so often mars it made Rica's tongue restless.

"Only just this," she said pleadingly, "and I will not return to the subject. You are such a loving, devoted mother, that I can't help thinking if you would try and look on Ralph as really your own son, you would end by loving him; and I firmly believe in the power of love; it is a transforming power, it unlocks all hearts; only love must be shown by acts, not kept within us as a theory."

"And you have been trying to win Ralph's love. You foolish girl! you have been making your own misery," Doris gave way to her anger at last. "Ralph is only amusing himself with you, he will not marry you; and if he did he could not make you happy; he is vicious and good-for-nothing, while Gilbert Raine is in every way a suitable match for you."

Rica's face was as red as fire.

"It is you who exaggerate now, Doris. What have I done to gain Ralph's love? You misjudge me; and besides, I do not think it is nice to speak to me in that way of a man who seeks every opportunity to quarrel with me, as Mr. Raine does. Why should I look on men in the light of possible husbands? The very idea is a restraint, and besides it is quite uncalled for."

She was so deeply mortified that the tears filled her eyes, and she turned to go away, and Doris did not try to prevent her.

She was very much disappointed in Rica. It was arrogant beyond belief that a young girl living in such seclusion should presume to judge her, and above all should refuse to be guided by her.

"It shows"—Mrs. Burneston drew herself up proudly—"the extreme ignorance and narrow-mindedness of these people who live out of the world; just like all religious people," she sneered, "unless you agree with them you are wrong."

She was very forlorn in that moment. Only yesterday her husband had shown her a letter from George announcing Rose's safety; and while he urged that the news should for the present be kept from Ralph, he also said that it would be wise to keep the lad, if possible, for some months under home influence.

And Mr. Burneston had said to his wife, —

"You will try and help me to make home as pleasant as we can for poor Ralph?"

Everybody on the side of Ralph, and now even Rica.

Doris asked herself how she could get through these months with her present feelings towards Ralph.

"He is so deceitful," she said. "If he were just to speak out his feelings for me, his father would never forgive him. I know he loathes and despises me." She sat down and began to think. Somehow her power seemed to have lost its firm foundations. Her husband was as fond of her as ever, but on the subject of Ralph she saw he doubted her judgment, and in the first year of their marriage he had relied on her implicitly.

"He has been more with Ralph since then," she said, "and I know Philip thoroughly; he is very good, I suppose better than any one else is, because he makes no profession of goodness; but he is weak, and those who see him daily gain a daily increasing influence. Who knows that Ralph will not gradually bring him to think less of me? It is not a question of whether I could bear it or not" — Doris looked strangely good and earnest, for she really thought she was right — "but it must be quite wrong to let any influence come between man and wife, and I know that Ralph's is a bad influence." And then came the thought of little Phil; it would be a cruel wrong to expose her darling to his brother's teaching; and already the child was too fond of Ralph.

"And there is no weakness in Phil, baby as he is; it is easy to see that. He might, as he grows older, insist that Ralph should always stay here, and then what should I do?"

Such a writhe of uncontrollable hatred rose against the enforced calmness of these last minutes, that she clenched her hands in a physical effort against it.

Then she stood still, holding her forehead with both hands, in deep thought.

"Why do I struggle so? I have tried not to hate him, and I can't help it; I will hate him, he is bad and hateful; and he shall not live here to spoil all my life and to ruin my child."

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

#### AT LAST.

THE afternoon sun was shining on the river, a broad golden stretch spread from

the stone bridge on the right to the frail wooden bridge of planks leading from the foot of the village to the meadows across the water, and besides this a golden radiance painted the trunks and branches of the trees, and came through the leaves in chequered patterns on the yellow road that led from the Hall to the wooden bridge — a radiance that was rather metallic than genial, for the nipping touch of autumn was in the air, so that it was but a worldly kind of sunshine, after all, dazzling to the eye, but bringing no heart-glow with it.

Doris and Rica Masham were coming back from Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. The girl had expressed a wish to visit some of the villagers. Mrs. Burneston had taken her up to the stone cottages, but as Mrs. Duncombe was fast asleep, and Joseph Sunley was rheumatic, cross, and averse to conversation, they were coming home at a brisk pace beside the river.

The previous day had worn away slowly and uncomfortably — as days do that hold in them the weight of a dispute — and today, except to Mr. Burneston, had been full of uneasy constraint. Ralph had been dogged and sullen towards his stepmother and silent to Miss Masham, except that he had tried more than once to speak to her alone, and when he found she avoided this he had looked angry. Doris had been unusually silent and stately to all. While Gilbert Raine had been sometimes cynical and bitter in speech, and then ashamed of his own harshness, as he remarked Rica's avoidance of his young cousin; and then again, as he felt how stiff and cold her manner had become to himself, he lapsed into his old belief, and cursed the caprice of a woman.

Rica was sure she ought to go home. She longed to get away from the unspoken strife which existed between Doris and her stepson. When she met her friend at luncheon, after their quarrel, she had felt shy, and Mrs. Burneston had at first been very silent; but in the long afternoon's drive she had recovered herself, and joined in the talk between Rica and her husband. Miss Masham knew that it would be worse than useless to try for any decided spoken reconciliation with Doris, and besides, she felt that it would be difficult for her friend to excuse her own words about Gilbert Raine. The color came rushing to the girl's face when she met Mr. Raine, it was so very humbling to think that Doris had really intended to make up a match in her friend's presence.

"To throw me in fact at the head of a

man who already has a low opinion of women; and I thought Doris so high-minded. Oh, how could she do it?"

She had been busy with these thoughts as she walked up through the village with her friend; and Doris too walked on silently. They had exchanged a few words with Mrs. Crewe standing at her gate, and now walking back to the Hall beside the sun-lit river, they were each again busy with their own thoughts.

Rica was trying to say she must go home without offending Doris. Ralph had spoken to her again in so marked a manner, that she feared he meant to renew his proposal. She did not wish to betray him to Doris, and yet if she stayed on at Burneston it might be difficult to keep the matter from her. And in regard to her feelings towards Mr. Raine, Rica was puzzled. She knew that, for a time at least, she should be glad to part from Doris till the memory of so many years of love had swept away the new and painful impression she had lately received. She was sure she should be very glad to get away from Ralph's admiration, and yet she was not glad to leave Burneston; the thought even of going was keenly painful. Her cheeks glowed as she walked beside her friend, and she hung her head a little. It began to dawn on her that after all she did care for this rude cynic, who lost no chance of mortifying her; last night she had learned that his silence wounded her more than his words did, and she had found herself at breakfast-time this morning longing for and yet shrinking from his coming.

And yet when, after luncheon, she had turned markedly away from Ralph, and had come up to Mr. Raine, who was examining an old picture at the other end of the room, though for a moment he had smiled and seemed ready to speak, he suddenly turned his back upon her, and became absorbed in studying the picture.

Her color grew yet deeper as she thought of these things, and there was anger mixed with it now against Gilbert Raine.

All at once a bright idea came to release Rica from this humiliation, for it was terribly humbling to find her thoughts engrossed by a man who was not only rude and contradictory, but who actually avoided her as much as he could.

"I do not care for him as a man," she smiled at her own fear, "it is only his talk that interests me — it is so brilliant, so very different to any I have ever heard; there is nothing in it that sounds stereotyped or commonplace; yes, it is only his talk, and

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXI. 1046

I have the chance of hearing so little good talk except my father's!"

"Doris," she said abruptly, as they walked side by side, "you won't be vexed with me, will you? but I must go home the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Burneston's delicate eyebrows rounded with surprise, but she looked very sad.

"So soon? I am sorry." She tried to speak very courteously. "You have quickly tired of Burneston this time, Rica."

"No, indeed I have not; and I will come again if you will kindly give me a chance; but I believe for several reasons that I ought to go home now."

Doris did not answer; they had nearly reached the stone bridge, and there came bounding towards them Mr. Burneston's collie-dog.

Next moment Ralph Burneston appeared advancing to meet them.

"I should like to know, dear," Doris spoke very quietly, "whether this decision of yours has anything to do with Ralph; I don't think you really care for him, but your manner towards him puzzles me."

"Does it? Well then, listen: I shrink from him so much, that unless you wish me to stay with you now, I shall hurry on to the Hall alone directly he joins us."

Doris gave her such a grateful glance that Rica felt puzzled too.

"I do not think he will walk with us," Mrs. Burneston said calmly; "if you were alone it might be different."

But Ralph was hastening towards them; he was beside them in a moment, and he turned at once and walked by Rica, making some remark on the glow which the walk had given her.

"I must hurry on," she said to Doris, "I want to ask Jane to do something for me before dinner."

Ralph quickened his steps too, and walked on with her. Rica looked over her shoulder at Doris — it seemed to her that Mrs. Burneston could so easily make an excuse for keeping her stepson beside her.

But Doris never thought of seeking such an excuse; she rejoiced in this chance of showing Ralph that Miss Masham disliked his attentions.

"Ralph, you had better stay with me," she said; "Rica does not want company."

Ralph looked very angry.

"Will she always treat me like a boy?" he muttered. Then aloud he said, "Miss Masham can speak for herself. Say I

may come with you," he whispered low to Rica.

His manner showed the girl that her fear was well founded.

"No, indeed," she said kindly, "I will go alone. I prefer it. Good-bye," she nodded, and went on hurriedly.

But Ralph kept close beside her.

"At least, you will let me say three words?" He was eager and determined, and Rica saw that she must speak out.

"No, indeed, Mr. Burneston, indeed I cannot; I will not listen to another word from you." She had stopped as she began to speak, and stood facing him. She wished Doris would come up and help her instead of standing a few yards off beside the collie-dog, like a picture framed in by the glowing sunshine.

"That is because you have been set against me," he said angrily, "because I have been slandered. You have been listening to Mrs. Burneston, you *shall* listen to me," and he snatched at Rica's wrist.

She was not taken by surprise, and she twisted herself free in an instant, and went back to Mrs. Burneston—only for an instant; before Ralph had recovered himself the two ladies had come up with him, his stepmother looking very proud and pale. Rica kept her face turned away.

"You seem to forget yourself, sir, altogether," Doris said, "and what is due to a lady and my visitor."

She spoke with intense haughtiness; in her heart she triumphed that Ralph should have so far forgotten himself in her presence. Her face grew very set and hard.

"Miss Masham is my friend and my visitor, and she shall not be annoyed."

"Annoyed!" he laughed scornfully. "I like that! Pray, how do you know she is annoyed? I know rather more about women than you do, Mrs. Burneston, though you do know everything. Miss Masham listened to me fast enough till you tried to set her against me. It was bad enough before; but I said nothing then. This time I tell you plainly I won't have it. I am almost of age, and I won't be interfered with. I'll not be treated like a boy by you."

Doris looked at him for a moment before she answered, "You behave so like a man"—her lip quivered with scorn—"and you consider yourself a gentleman, both in conduct and manner!"

Her contempt stung him out of all reticence.

"Look here!" he said fiercely. "So far I have treated you much better than you could have expected; but don't try

any of your airs on me—they don't impose on me. I will not be interfered with by you. I am my own master, and if I choose to talk to Miss Masham, nothing you can tell her against me shall prevent it."

Doris stood stupefied; the insult to her own pride effaced all thought of Rica, and her perfect blanched silence subdued Ralph spite of himself. "You had better go on," he said more quietly, "and overtake Miss Masham; tell her I was quite in earnest in my proposal yesterday morning. She will listen to me all right; she was quite ready till you came between us."

Doris forced her white lips open; her surprise at this avowal roused her.

"Is it possible," she said coldly, "that you do not see? She will not listen to you at all! She considers you only a boy. If she loves any one, it is Gilbert Raine."

"And this is your work, too. It may have been part of your breeding to go prying and interfering into other people's affairs, but I tell you, once for all, to leave me alone. Because my father was weak enough to take you out of your proper station, do you imagine for one moment he has made you his equal, or that you can have the slightest influence with me? I tell you again, I'll not submit to it. You have made mischief enough. Keep your proper place. I don't interfere with you. I believe, if you could, you'd make my father disinherit me. You can't do that, try as you will; but I tell you what you can do, you may make things very unpleasant for yourself in the future."

He stopped from sheer want of breath, his face and voice alike full of passion.

Doris could not have interrupted, even if she had tried; his very words had stunned her; they had struck at her like a shower of stones or a blinding storm of hail.

Now that he paused, expecting a torrent of angry words, there was a dead silence.

The collie-dog had grown impatient, and came bounding back to see what was happening, but the two figures stood motionless on the yellow road. At last Doris forced herself to speak.

"You are a coward!"

That was all she said, and she smiled; but Ralph felt as if some one had struck him on the face.

"Coward or not," he said fiercely, "we'll see who's master yet at Burneston."

He hurried recklessly away, the dog bounding on in front, past the village, past the plank bridge; hurried on without tak-

in  
ra  
me  
loc  
ing  
tre  
Ra  
Ra  
to  
ial  
"a  
you  
rel  
"  
I r  
it t  
car  
T  
ove  
"  
F  
inat  
mig  
He  
seen  
"  
all!  
last  
G  
"Be  
no r  
me,  
R  
"  
—fo  
you'  
a wr  
thre  
book  
fres  
and  
cont  
Rain  
most  
Ra  
calm  
"y  
about  
one t  
years  
with  
Ra  
tered  
lenly  
Is  
that

ing any heed where he was going till he ran right up against Gilbert Raine.

"Hulloa, my lad! do you want to send me spinning into the river? You should look ahead."

Gilbert spoke irritably. He was standing taking a sketch of the bridge and the tree-shaded river-bank, and the shock of Ralph's onset had almost upset him.

"Why do you stand in the way?" — Ralph spoke savagely. "I'm in a humor to quarrel with any one — with you especially!"

"Ergo, you are in want of the doctor; you can have no possible reason to quarrel with me — you are simply bilious."

"Simply don't be a fool, Gilbert. But I recollect I do want to speak to you. Is it true or is it not true that Miss Masham cares for you?"

The dark, wrinkled face was bent down over his drawing.

"Who said this?" He did not look up.

Ralph was too full of passion to discriminate nicely, and, indeed, Raine's manner might have deceived a cooler observer. He was so afraid of believing that he seemed to be concealing his real thoughts.

"Then it's true — oh, confound you all!" he said. "I believe from first to last you're all against me."

Gilbert Raine had recovered himself. "Be quiet, my boy!" he said. "I have no right to think Miss Masham cares for me, but —"

Ralph stopped him angrily.

"You are going to say you care for her — for a girl half your age. I wonder you're not ashamed to think of her — you, a wrinkled, middle-aged man, who've lived three parts of your life among musty old books! How dare you think of a bright, fresh young creature like Miss Masham, and what have you to offer her?" he said contemptuously, for he saw a change in Raine's face, and he resolved to make the most of his selfishness.

Raine's manner had changed; he was calm and cold as he answered.

"You don't know what you are talking about, you silly fellow! But I'll tell you one thing, my boy; I am sure that for five years at least you are not fit to be trusted with the happiness of any woman."

Ralph glared at him for an instant, muttered something, and then he turned sullenly back towards the Hall.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII. THE STEPMOTHER.

Is time something abstract, something that can be measured? There may be

souls to whom hours and minutes, weeks and days, may seem equal in length; but there are, no doubt, happy mortals whose existence moves serenely and in measured paces along the level roads of commonplace life. The roads turn sometimes to avoid a morass or a river, or even a hill that might expend breath in the climbing, though a boundless prospect is to be gazed on from its topmost height. Nothing that should not come there ever does come to alarm or even surprise the very ordinary and tranquil-pulsed wayfarers who journey along the level monotony.

It was very hard on Doris that, being placed by destiny in a position guaranteed to be commonplace and uneventful by all the outward keys of such existences, life should have become for her as eventful as if she had lived on moderate means in a city, with a daily struggle to earn her daily bread there. And these excitements and heart-burnings, and now this tremendous uprising of her whole nature, had all one origin — the presence, the existence even of Ralph Burneston.

She had been alone, by the clock, about an hour; her feelings would have told her that half a day had passed since she reached her own room. She had gone home mechanically, and then, having put off her things, she went to her sitting-room.

She had not rung for her maid; it seemed to her that the humbling she had received must be painted on her face; her mortification left no room for anger — a dull ache was over heart and brain.

Ralph had only said the truth. And now came another thought: when Phil knew the truth would not he judge her as Ralph did?

"He will never tell me so in words," the pale, proud lips quivered as this thought came, "but he will grow to look on me as — as" — she was walking up and down the little room, her gown gathered in one hand; as she turned she stopped with a scared face. She saw a form advancing towards her — tall and broad, his red hair glowing as he reached the stream of light, so level now that it only lit the middle of the room. Her heart seemed to stand still, but in an instant the vision was gone — the place where it had stood was empty.

Doris shivered from head to foot. She felt herself suddenly brought to judgment. Phil might never look on her as she looked on her mother, that would be impossible, and for an instant her pride took comfort in this thought of her own superiority;

but her father — no, Doris felt to the very bottom of her soul that her father was her superior. Spite of his broad speech, his rough, red hands, his homely, unpolished ways, he had one noble quality for which she honored him, honored him all the more that she felt incapable of attaining it, and that quality was self-respect. He was neither ashamed of himself nor of his belongings.

How well she remembered what had happened during her last visit to the Cairn! Walking one day with her father on the moor, a carriage had passed near them in the road below, in which she thought she had recognized Mrs. Boothroyd. Even now she shrank at the remembrance of the shame that had seized on her at the dread of recognition; and although some weeks later she had learned her mistake, Mrs. Boothroyd being still in London, she had never forgotten her terror.

But Doris knew that if her father had been well born, all these outward blemishes would not have troubled her. It was from his homely station, and, above all, his calling as a farmer that she shrank; and although Phil would never shrink from her personally, yet he had just the same right to be ashamed of her origin.

"Ashamed of me!" She stood like a statue. It seemed to her she could not live through such an agony as this. She tried to throw herself back a few years. When she left Pelican House she had come home resolved to be true to herself, and she had been true till she married. How she had sunk since then!

The thought of Ralph came back, and she rose from her despairing humiliation with desperate energy. "I was raw and ignorant then," she said. "After all, the world teaches us wisdom. Why should Phil ever know the truth, at least till he is old enough to be free from prejudice?"

When this precise period was to arrive Doris did not determine, but she believed firmly that if her boy could only be kept free from low, corrupting influences, especially the influence of Ralph, he would grow to be a perfect man, godlike in his large and generous views of life. This was to be the outcome of his natural goodness, for Doris did not believe in the help afforded by religious training against human infirmity.

"It is so all through life," she said bitterly. "However false the insult or accusation, the insult remains; it can never be washed out."

Yes, the time had come for decided action. She resolved that she would not

see Ralph Burneston again — that as long as she was its mistress the Hall should be closed against him. But still she hesitated as to the means. She could only obtain his banishment by an appeal to his father, and she shrank from making this appeal. She did not shrink from the sight of her husband's sorrow; her hatred to Ralph blinded her to the right he had to his father's love, a right, indeed, which, if remembered, would have sharpened her purpose; she only feared Mr. Burneston's weakness of will, for, after all, he might not have courage to carry out her wishes.

"I have been a fool!" There was a new expression in her eyes, a dire, vengeful look that drove womanhood from the delicate face, leaving it a mask of sharply-cut features so pale that her long eyelashes looked intensely black as they touched the white cheeks. "Why did I interfere when I saw he had begun again with Rose? If he had really disgraced himself Philip would then have banished him at once, and I should have been held blameless. Well, that is over. It was an opportunity given me, and I let it pass. I must trust now to my power over Philip. If that fails —" She stopped and put her hand to her forehead.

Her head ached sorely, she felt bruised all over; but she had no feeling for herself; her heart swelled almost to suffocation, for she had not shed one tear since she and Ralph parted. She dared not give way for a moment, for she had only herself to depend on. Even Rica was ready to take Ralph's part against her! each time she had spoken of him to her husband, he had asked her to be less hard in her judgment. Doris hated strife, not because of its sin, but because her fastidious nature shrank from its pettiness and discourtesy, and she knew that she must have angry words with her husband before she should get him to see with her eyes.

"It used not to be so," she said. "Once he thought my judgment perfect — he never questioned my wishes — and so he will again when he is separated from Ralph; his daily influence destroys mine. Yes, he was right when he said I should see who was master at Burneston. I must see Philip at once, for" — she hesitated — "I am not sure, but I must make sure."

She rang the bell. Now that she had decided she was eager to act. She must give no chance to Ralph to get a hearing before she did.

"Has Mr. Burneston come in?" she said to Benjamin.

"Yes, ma'am, 't master's in the study."

He looked hard at her, for she was strangely pale; there was a forced, unusual sound in her voice.

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, either here or in the study."

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### DORIS SPEAKS.

MR. BURNESTON was very busy examining papers that had arrived from his agent at Steersley during his absence. He had nearly finished his work, and this unusual summons disturbed him.

"Tell your mistress I am very busy, and say I should like her to come here if she is in a hurry," he said, "or say I will be with her in about half an hour."

Doris thought this message a proof of her declining influence. She made no answer, but as soon as Benjamin had departed she went down to the study. Her heart beat so violently as she reached the door that a tinge of color rose on her face.

"How can I be so foolish?" she said. "What can I be afraid of?"

"Come in." But Mr. Burneston went on writing, his back was to the door, so he did not see her face.

"If you really cannot spare me a few minutes I will go," she said in a hard, strained voice, "but I have something to say which requires your whole attention."

Mr. Burneston frowned and bit his lips, then he cleared off his annoyance and smiled as he turned round to his wife.

"Well, what is this wonderful something that will not wait? What is it? You look quite ill! Sit down here, darling. But I would have come up if you had only had a little patience."

Plainly he had not seen Ralph. Doris felt relieved; he took her hand, and made her sit beside him.

"Phillip, I want to ask you first to listen patiently and with all your attention. You do not always take my part now."

His fair, serene face grew troubled. He guessed that the "something" related either to Faith or Ralph.

"I think there is no need to have any question of the kind," he said sadly. "It seems to me that a husband and wife should take the same view of matters."

"I fear in this case it is quite impossible." He looked at her, and the set stiffness of her face annoyed him.

"You pique yourself on your justice," he said, "and yet though I am always

ready to care for all that you love, Doris, you refuse to share my feelings in this way."

"I must speak out, Philip. It may be hard for you to hear; but it is no question of feeling now. Ralph has insulted me—has spoken to me in a way which makes it impossible for us to live together any longer." She paused. "I have come to ask you to send him away from this house."

As she went on her courage came back; it seemed to her that he could not refuse her request.

Mr. Burneston's face was full of pain.

"My dear, you take offence so easily, just like all women; you make so much of words." He stopped in surprise and some alarm too, for Doris rose from her chair and stood facing him like a Fate, her arms hanging stiffly beside her, her face fixed, but with a dark storm in her eyes. Mr. Burneston finished his sentence. "I thought you so much grander and nobler than any ordinary woman. I am afraid I have mistaken you."

"You can think so, of course; possibly you agree with your son, and consider that no insolence can be too great towards a person who is not born a lady; it is for you to decide. Please let me tell all. He has told me to-day that I am an upstart; he has said—well," she went on proudly, "he has only said the truth about my origin and the folly of my marriage; and he has asserted that his power over you is greater than mine is. Stay, Philip, I have not done. You must act as you choose; but if Ralph is to stay here I go away at once and I take Phil with me. He shall not be ruined by his brother's teaching, nor shall he learn to despise his mother by hearing her insulted."

Her eyes flashed, for once she let passion have its way; she looked a splendid picture of wrath as she stood quivering before her astonished husband.

"You are mad," he said, and then he stopped; but Doris did not speak. She stood waiting his decision.

"Doris," he said, "I do not for a moment excuse Ralph's conduct, but I never saw you like this before. You know I can't bear exaggeration. Remember you are speaking of only a boy. It is—well, it is not at all like you to speak in such a manner."

It is singular how a crisis of feeling brings out the salient points of contrasted natures at their superlative degree.

"I only say what I mean," she answered.

Mr. Burneston shook his head, and a fretful look passed over his face.

"If you would only use your own good sense," he said, "you must see that what you propose would be, perhaps, the boy's ruin. Consider the great advantage Ralph gains by staying here. I don't take his part for a moment. I am grieved and surprised that he should so far forget himself and what is due to you, and to me also. I could not have believed it if any one else had told me. You are quite sure, my dear, you have made no mistake?"

He looked at her with a feeling of relief; this new hope, feeble as it was, was something to cling to.

She moved her head disdainfully.

"If you had been present, even you would say I have been merciful. No, Philip, do not lessen my respect for you. For once assert your own authority, or I must do as I say, I must remove Phil from his brother's influence."

Mr. Burneston shook his head. There was a painful flush on his forehead.

"If you would sit down and keep yourself quiet it would be so much better. I am going to find Ralph. I shall speak to him as severely as even you," there was a sorrowful emphasis on the words, "can wish; and I am sure he will make you as humble an apology as you can desire. It may be," he said impressively, out of the longing of his heart, "that you will both go on together better; after this there will be no concealed bitterness between you."

There was a beseeching anxiety in his eyes as he looked at his wife; but Doris was not in a mood to bear this. She might have been quelled by a will stronger than her own. His weakness only increased her anger.

"There are some offences which cannot be pardoned," she said haughtily. "Cannot you see that this breach is beyond healing? I cannot live with a person I hate, and Ralph has made me hate him. Some day, Philip, your eyes will be open to your own injustice. You know your son's vices, and yet you expect me not only to tolerate his daily companionship, but to submit meekly to gross insult; and because I refuse, you are angry. Well, you must choose between him and me, and I expect he will offer you the same choice."

His wife's rudeness wounded Mr. Burneston sorely.

"You are as self-willed as he is, Doris. Why, even your brother George, who has more cause of quarrel with Ralph than any of us have, says it will do wonders for

the lad if we can only manage to keep him at home a year or so. If he goes away angry he will most likely go back to his old habits and companions, and be utterly ruined."

Doris had stood thinking during these words.

"Do you mean to say that, let Ralph disgrace himself ever so much, you have no power to leave any of your land away from him?"

There was a keen eagerness in her voice and manner that jarred on her husband.

"Certainly not, unless"—he stopped abruptly.

"Unless he brings himself within the penalties of the law, you mean; and a man may be a most infamous scoundrel, and yet escape punishment. Ralph is a scoundrel already, and he will have all, and Phil——"

Her husband's eyes had opened in wide wonder. This was the first time she had really let him see the truth.

"Stop, Doris." He spoke very coldly. It seemed to her with disgust. "Phil is as well provided for as he can be; and now do not let us recur to this subject. I will try to forget it, and you, my dear, must, for my sake, receive Ralph's apology. No, I really cannot hear any more."

He retreated hastily, fearing another attack, while Doris sank exhausted on a chair, sight blurred and hearing deadened by the force she had been putting on herself.

Mr. Burneston too felt blinded. It seemed to him, as he crossed the hall on his way to Ralph's room, that he had got a shock. His whole nature had revolted against his wife's manner, and above all against her last words. She who had seemed incapable of the slightest meanness or calculation—had she then cherished hatred against Ralph because he was the heir of Burneston? It was incredible, and spite of his grief the loyal gentleman strove against the thought as against a positive injury to Doris.

He had found his way mechanically to Ralph's room, and to his surprise his son's voice said "Come in" when he knocked.

Ralph sate moodily in a chair near one of the windows; his pipe lay beside him, but he had not been smoking. He nodded when his father came in, and pushed a chair towards him. But Mr. Burneston stood still, looking at his son with real sternness on his gentle face.

"I thought you were a gentleman," he said, "and I find I am mistaken. You will come with me at once and apologize to Mrs. Burneston."

"I can't do that, father! I am sorry for you, but you must have known this sort of thing would happen some day. Why need you worry about it? Leave me to settle it with Mrs. Burneston."

"You seem to forget, sir, that you are talking of my wife! I insist on an apology."

His father's anger quieted Ralph.

"I can only say again I'm very sorry for you. I can't be sorry I've spoken out. If you knew how I've been used, you'd —"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said his father savagely.

"But you shall listen to me!" the boy said desperately. "I've no quarrel with you, and never will have. You and I would have been fast friends if no mischief had been stirred up between us. There, I'm not going to vex you any more! Remember I am your own son, and you owe me some love." His blue eyes looked so pleading that his father turned away. "I'd made up my mind, dull as this place is, to stay here with you a few months, but I see it can't be. If you like, I'll go away for a bit; it's just as unpleasant for me as it is for any one."

"No!" Mr. Burneston tried to speak. "I do not wish to send you away. You have behaved very ill and for my sake as well as for your own you must apologize. If you consider the matter you will see there is no other way."

Ralph shook his head, and put his hands in his pockets.

"Can't do it! I wouldn't if I could." He muttered the last words.

Mr. Burneston took no notice. He was worn and weary with all this strife.

"You are excited now," he said; "you will come to your senses presently, and then, Ralph, I shall be grievously disappointed if you don't see things differently. You owe a full apology; you have insulted a lady, and that lady your father's wife. You had better keep to your rooms till you are more reasonable; and understand distinctly, I forbid you to leave Burneston without my permission. Good-night! Faith will bring you all you want."

#### CHAPTER L.

#### AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

GILBERT RAINE tried to go on with his sketch; but it grew more and more

difficult for him to draw, and he grew more and more impatient. He closed his sketch-book.

"Who on earth has been talking to Ralph about Miss Masham?"

If he had hazarded a guess he might have hit on the truth; but Mr. Raine's mind was apt to be hazy on matters of real life, and he disdained hasty conjectures. The longer he thought the more certain he felt that Miss Masham liked Ralph Burneston better than she liked him.

"I don't profess to understand women," he said uneasily. "I have not had much to do with them; but surely a girl would never snub and tease a man she cares for, and Rica has often snubbed me."

He walked slowly towards the Hall, trying to recollect exactly what Ralph had said, and suddenly he got a clue to the young fellow's meaning.

He stopped short in his walk.

"He meant Mrs. Burneston when he said 'that woman.' She certainly is in Miss Masham's confidence; I might sound her." He put both hands in his pockets and went on again very slowly, his head bent forward. "What has come to me?" he said. "More than fifteen years ago I swore I would never trust a woman again, and actually I am thinking of putting myself in the power of two of them — for of course Mrs. Burneston will go straight to her friend and tell her everything. Yes, I can fancy their jokes and laughter over the queer old bachelor's love."

The color rose brightly in his face. He tried to think of something else. But it was no use; in the midst of his calculations of time and expense about some alterations at Austin's End, Rica's blooming face and merry laugh came unsummoned.

"Nonsense!" he said testily; "it's not true. I have not paid her marked attention, nothing that any one could notice. I have really avoided her lately. What could have made that mad boy talk in such a way?"

This time he smiled; a little lingering hope helped to curve his lips.

"I am not kind to her; I have not treated her well all day," he said. "I'll try another tack, and see if I can get her to smile at me as she smiles at Ralph — at least, as she did smile at him; she was cross to him at luncheon. I'll ask her if they have quarrelled."

Rica's favorite nook, when she was not with Doris, was in a low window of the library; but lately Raine had observed

that she always got up and went out of the room when he entered it.

The library was a large room, rarely occupied except by Gilbert Raine and Miss Masham. It looked empty to-day as he came into it; but going along to its farther end he saw Rica, as he expected, curled up in a low chair, reading. She looked absorbed in her book, and Raine smiled.

"She is not taking anything very deeply to heart," he said cynically; "I might have been sure of that. When a girl shows her feelings so easily on the surface, there is little depth in them."

The Persian carpet only covered the centre of the room, and his footsteps on the oak floor roused her. She uncurled herself and sat upright.

"Pray don't let me disturb you." He thought she looked vexed. "You seem very much interested in that paper book. Is it a French novel?"

"No; I never read French novels." She looked saucy and satirical.

Raine bent down over the book. "May I look? Alfieri, 'The Filippo.' Well, yes, that is exciting—rather beyond Alfieri's usual mark, I think. Are you a great admirer of this poet?"

"No; he is so cold-blooded, so very uninteresting, I think; but Gomez is a finely-drawn character."

"Ah! you like villains, do you?"

"No, I don't," Rica felt that she was being teased, "but I like decided characters, really good people or really bad ones." She spoke with the irritation Raine seemed now always to create in her.

"Then you like very few people. Hardly any one is wholly good or wholly bad."

"How wilful you are! I did not say that. I like people who have good qualities, I mean qualities out of which goodness may spring. I like people who are not cold and cynical."

"And yet you do not like my cousin, Ralph; he is not cold."

Rica looked up startled. Raine had put more meaning into his words than he intended.

"When did I say I disliked Mr. Ralph Burneston?" she said hastily. "I do not dislike him."

Raine stood looking at her with a very puzzled face, then he went on recklessly.

"I have offended you somehow or other, I am always offending you, and I really did not mean to vex you."

Rica laughed, but she was vexed too.

"I am glad to hear it," she said gravely, and then she took up her book, as much

as to say, "Do not interrupt me any more," and she wished Mr. Raine would go away.

"I must really set myself right with you, Miss Masham. I will not keep you a minute." He was hurt, but he was determined there should be no more misunderstanding between them. "Perhaps I have no right to speak of it, but Ralph seemed to think I have had something to do with your—your—well, he certainly gave me the impression that you had quarrelled."

"And if we had," Rica grew crimson, "what could you have to do with it?"

She looked so scornful that Raine hesitated. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I believe it was something Mrs. Burneston told him."

He stopped; he had blundered on without considering that Ralph's words might sound to Rica as he wished them to sound for himself, and till he came to Doris's name she had listened, but this was too much. She could not realize his meaning. She felt dazed and foolish; a feeling that Doris had spoken openly about her to Mr. Raine, and that she must leave him at once, was all she could grasp.

She got up hastily, but she could not raise her eyes; her face was scorched with shame and anger.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said. "Mrs. Burneston would not discuss me with your cousin, and certainly not with such a stranger as you are to me."

Raine was surprised at her haughtiness.

"She has been copying Mrs. Burneston," he said, and then he put himself in Rica's way as she moved towards the door.

"What have I done now?" he said earnestly. "I have offended you again. I beg your pardon, do forgive me, and for heaven's sake let me try and explain. I never was so far from wishing to vex you; perhaps I am incapable of pleasing you; won't you sit down again and let me try?" he said imploringly.

But Rica was so upset, so deeply mortified, that she read him all wrong. She only saw in this unusual wish to please her an assurance founded on the belief that she really cared for him. Her eyes smarted with unshed tears, and her heart ached painfully, it was so full of righteous wrath against Doris. She shook her head.

"There are things best left unexplained, and this is one," she forced herself to smile, and then in her natural manner she said, "Talking things over is often apt to show

the worst side of them; let me pass, please."

Without waiting she walked round him, and was out of the room before her disturbed listener had collected his wits.

"Good heavens!" he said, when at last he could grasp the subject again, "I am an ass! I have made a precious fool of myself, too, just when there was something in her face; by Jove, I'm an ass, a consummate ass."

He stood there overwhelmed with confusion.

He was by far the cleverest person at Burneston Hall; he had read more and seen more than most men, and yet he felt so helpless, so thoroughly ignorant how to get out of this scrape in which he had plunged himself, that when the door opened and in came little Phil calling for Ralph, the tall, keen-witted man felt as if even that babe were wiser than he was.

The little fellow ran up to him, "Where's Ralphie?"

"Ralph's not here, my dear," he said. "Ralph never comes into the library, Phil."

The child shook his head and looked up, his little face was very sad.

"Me can't find him," he said; "me's been everywhere, in mamma's room, and Faith's room, and in study, me can't find Ralph."

There was a despairing sound in the sweet childish voice. Gilbert looked at him more attentively, and saw that Phil had been crying.

"Ralph's out, my boy," he said, soothingly.

Phil shook his head.

"No, no! Me saw him come in."

Just then the door opened softly, and Phil's nurse appeared with a scared face.

She looked much relieved to see her charge.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she curtsied to Raine, "but I couldn't tell what had happened to Master Phil; he's wild to find Mr. Ralph, and just now he slipped away from me and I couldn't think what could have become of him."

"Do you know where Mr. Ralph is?"

"I don't know, sir." There was a confused look in the woman's eyes that puzzled Raine.

"Come along, old fellow." He stooped down and lifted Phil on to his shoulder. "We'll see if we can find papa."

"Me doesn't want papa — me wants Ralph."

Not even the ride on a tall shoulder, usually one of the delights of his life, could

chase the sadness from the child's voice, and earnest dark eyes. "Help me find Ralphie," he half sobbed.

"What is Ralph about?" Gilbert said to himself, and then, with his usual directness, he went straight to his cousin's study.

## CHAPTER LI.

### BITTERNESS.

DIRECTLY his interview with Ralph was over, Mr. Burneston went to the house-keeper's room. He said a few words to Faith, and bade her keep the matter entirely to herself.

"You can say Mr. Ralph is not well," he said carelessly, and then he went out and across the meadows beyond the river — a sort of aimless wandering to get rid of the time, and to avoid the chance of another talk with his wife.

He would have been wiser if he had sought out Rica or Raine, and asked them to bear him company. His thoughts went with him, and they would be listened to. He could not tell what had happened, or how it had been effected, but it seemed to him that all at once a gulf had come between him and Doris — a space that could not be bridged over. He could not specify the feeling, but it seemed suddenly possible that he had only been married for the position he could give his wife and her children, and also — and this was the thought he tried hardest to flee from — that nature had triumphed at last, and that, spite of all her training and seeming refinement, Doris was different to himself, and looked on things in a lower and coarser way than he did.

Well, and if she did? He had married her with his eyes open. He could not expect a miracle.

"But she has been a miracle," he said earnestly. "No other woman in such a position would have behaved so well. It is only this shock rousing me up rudely from my dream of perfection that has disgusted me. I must force myself to forget this afternoon."

Easier to say than to do. He could not close his eyes and ears to the memory of his wife's flushed face and contemptuous looks, and her angry, defiant words.

"How harshly she spoke! She was like a creature transformed," he said sadly.

Was this the true Doris — forced out of all the artificial restraints of her education and her position — a Doris likely to reappear whenever her will was set aside or her dislikes thwarted? He could not lay

this terrible doubt; and when he came down to dinner, so late that it had been announced before he reached the drawing-room, he found himself looking at his wife with new eyes, wondering at her coldness and silence. No one remarked on Ralph's absence, and Doris imagined he had left the Hall.

When dinner was over she went away to her room, leaving Rica to amuse herself alone.

Little Phil always came to help his mother dress for dinner, but to-day he had not come, and Doris, busy with her own thoughts, had not sent for him.

She was very angry with her husband. It seemed to her that he had put her claims and Ralph's on the same level. Her whole being dilated with immeasurable haughtiness.

What had she ever done to Ralph that could be weighed against the coarseness of his insult to her? and yet his father thought Ralph's conduct such a trifle that he asked her to remember the lad's age.

"If any one had so spoken to mother father would have horsewhipped him," she said bitterly. Her heart went out in a kind of longing anguish to the Cairn. If she could only have her father's sympathy just now and could listen to his righteous indignation, she should be soothed. She never thought of asking his counsel. It would have seemed extraordinary to Doris to ask advice from any one; that would have been a tacit acknowledgment that she herself was wrong.

"Ralph even sees it as I do," she said bitterly. "He sees that we cannot live in the same house."

She rang her bell as soon as she reached her room.

"Tell nurse if Master Phil is not in bed to bring him here."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid went, but the nurse did not bring little Phil. Doris waited, and then she went up to the night nursery. She longed to ease her troubled heart by the sight of her darling.

The tiny bed was empty, and she went back to her own room; at the door she met the nurse.

"Where is Master Phil? he should be in bed," she said rebukingly, for it was long past the child's bedtime.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am." The nurse's confused, hurried manner frightened Doris.

"He — he won't come away, ma'am."

"Come away from where. What do you mean, nurse?"

"He's there, ma'am," she jerked her

head backwards, "sitting outside Mr. Ralph's door, and he says he won't come away; nor he won't eat his bread-and-butter neither."

"Won't? — nonsense! Light me along the gallery."

The nurse hurried on — her mistress's imperious manner alarmed her.

## CHAPTER LII.

### RALPH'S VIGIL.

THE storm that had swept over Doris, rending away all self-control and gentleness, was raging yet more fiercely in the bosom of the housekeeper.

Mr. Burneston's announcement that Ralph would keep his room that evening had filled her with lofty contempt.

"He's a poor creature, t' squire is," she said; "he cannot guide his own bairn athoot shutting him up."

But there was a certain solace in feeling that she should have her boy all to herself; and when she carried up Ralph's dinner she was full of smiles. He took little notice of her, and did not condescend in any way to satisfy her curiosity.

Later, when she came again, she brought in little Phil, and then to her surprise Ralph turned on her in fierce anger.

"Take away that brat," he said; "how dare you bring him into my room without leave? He and his cursed mother are the plagues of my life."

"Whisht, whisht!" Faith frowned and shook her head. "How can an innocent bairn like yon plague ye? See, he wants to kiss you, poor little lad."

"Where has you been? Me wants you, Ralphie." The child put his hand confidently on his brother's knee, and looked up in his face.

Ralph jumped up abruptly, and went away to the window, turning his back completely on the room. The child did not cry, but looked frightened and appealingly at Faith.

Her spirit rose against Ralph's harshness.

"Poor wee bairn!" she said. "Mr. Ralph, you're not setting your brother much of an example as to manners."

"Take that child away, I tell you, and keep him out of my sight," he said angrily, as Phil tried once more to clasp his hand with his tiny fingers. He pushed him away, and the child burst out crying.

The young fellow's heart was really softening towards the child, and if he had been alone he would probably have submitted to Phil's coaxing ways, but the

child's likeness to his mother had madened him.

Phil shrunk away and clung to Faith's apron.

"For shame of yourself!" she said, as she raised the little fellow in her arms. "I couldn't hev thowt ye'd be so cowardly."

It was an unlucky word. It brought the memory of his discomfiture back keenly, and he turned round furiously on Faith.

"Take that child away, and don't show your face here again unless you can hold your tongue — or, stay, you can bring me some brandy, and be quick, d'ye hear?"

His manner cowed Faith. There was a wild excitement in it that made her shrink from answering him. As she closed the door behind her she heard the key turn in the lock.

Phil struggled in her arms till she set him down, and then he began to cry. "Ralph's angry with me," he sobbed, "an' me's not naughty."

The nurse was waiting in the gallery, and she tried to quiet and lead the child away.

But Phil would not be pacified. He left off sobbing, and seated himself on the mat outside his brother's door.

"Me stay here," he said decidedly. "Ralph come out presently and say me's not naughty."

Faith stood still. Ralph's words had stupefied her. This was Mrs. Burneston's doing then. No one would have guessed at the tempest that had risen in the tall, slender woman as she stood there rigid.

The nurse's voice entreating Phil to come away irritated her.

"You'll disturb Mr. Ralph next," she said. "Leave the child awhile, an' he'll tire of himself. I'll see he takes no harm."

And the nurse had left him till she heard that her mistress had gone up-stairs.

Meanwhile Faith stood so wrapt in her own anger that she would scarcely have noticed the child's departure if little Phil had followed his nurse.

But there was no feebleness in her wrath — through it she went on forecasting what the end of this struggle might be.

It was, she saw plainly, a struggle for power between Mrs. Burneston and Ralph and herself, represented by the squire. In less than a year Ralph would be of age, and then he would have a home perhaps of his own, where she felt sure she could, if she chose, be mistress, but to wait for this would be yielding up a right. Both she

and Ralph had lived at the Hall much longer than Mrs. Burneston had, and if they left there would be no one to check her pride.

"The squire 'ud not dare say his soul was his own if he was left to that woman. She's ruined my boy, body an' soul," Faith said sternly. "She's driven him to drink an' wicked ways, an' she'll do as she likes wi' t' squire, poor fond hoit."

She looked down at the child; he was still sitting against the door, but his head had drooped on his cheek; he was asleep.

"God help ye, poor ill-starred bairn!" She stooped and laid him down on the sheepskin rug. "Sleep while ye may; wiv such a mother ye've a fitful life afore ye."

She went off to do Ralph's bidding, leaving the sleeping child alone. She had not gone many minutes when Doris came along the gallery, and saw Phil lying like a faithful dog beside his brother's door.

A spasm of pain twisted her face. She silenced the nurse's exclamation by a hasty gesture, and then she stooped and tenderly raised the sleeping child.

His weight was almost beyond her strength, but she never paused till she reached her bedroom, then she sat down, and still holding little Phil in her arms, she undressed him and laid him in her own bed.

Then she walked into the outer room, and beckoned the nurse to follow her.

"How did this happen?" Mrs. Burneston said sternly.

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; it's really Mrs. Emmett's fault, not mine at all."

Doris's eyes were full of anger, but she kept it out of her words.

"When I engaged you to take charge of Master Philip, I told you he was never to be left in Mrs. Emmett's care."

"Yes, ma'am," there was a tearful sound as the nurse answered, "but Master Phil has been fretting for his brother all the afternoon; and at last Mrs. Emmett comes suddenly into the gallery out of Mr. Ralph's room, and she takes Master Phil by the hand away from me and into the room and shuts the door."

"Well, what else?"

"He didn't stay long with Mr. Ralph, but when he came out he wouldn't stir from the door. I asked him to come and help you dress, but nothing would move him. I stayed with him, ma'am, till I was tired out, and then Mrs. Emmett said she'd stay while I fetched his supper from the nur-

sery; but it wasn't a bit of good, ma'am, so I waited till I thought you had come up from dinner, and that's just as it happened, ma'am."

Doris stood still, trying to think: it was very difficult to shape out any plan in the wild anger that mastered her. Her husband evidently refused to do what she asked; Ralph was to stay at the Hall to defy her and to rob her of her child's love.

"We will see who conquers," she said contemptuously. Aloud she bade the nurse go away and send her maid to her.

She sat down at her writing-table and wrote these words to her husband:—

"Phil is not well. I shall not leave him this evening. Will you therefore sleep in your dressing-room? I do not wish to have any further discussion about your son. I hear he is still in the house.

"DORIS BURNESTON."

She went to the window and threw it open; she was almost stifled with the intensity of pent-up feeling.

She might conquer; her own heart told her that she would conquer, but at what a price! She could never forget that her husband had taken his son's part against her, and that if he yielded it would be for the sake of peace, not from conviction or love of her.

"I must always despise him. I must always feel——" Even to herself she could not say it. A huge overleaping wave of pride stifled the thought, and tried to hide even from her remote consciousness the thought that her husband did not consider her his equal. Her sitting-room windows looked westward, and the sky was full of yellow light this evening, though under the trees it had grown dusk. It was oppressively warm, and as Doris leaned out the evening air brought no refreshment to her hot forehead. Presently, close beneath the window, came a murmur of voices, and then she saw figures disappear round the angle of the house.

She went back into her bedroom, which occupied the end of the opposite wing to Ralph's, and had windows on two sides. She looked out, watching the two figures.

Yes; she was right; it was Rica's white dress that she had seen. Her friend and her husband were walking slowly, side-by-side, along the terrace.

This was a relief; she had so feared Mr. Burneston would come to seek her.

She opened her note again and added a postscript,—

"Do not come to my room. Phil is now asleep."

And then she desired her maid to give the note to Mr. Burneston when he came indoors.

"I shall not want you to-night, Burnell," she said; "I am anxious not to awaken the child."

A strange fascination drew her back to the window. She looked across at Ralph's room; there were lights within, but the curtains were drawn, and the branches of the huge weeping beech, already mentioned, surrounded this end of the house, and made it indistinct in the failing light. A slight breeze was rising, moving the branches gently to and fro.

Rica was still pacing up and down the terrace with Mr. Burneston; but while Doris watched, Gilbert Raine came out of the house from the garden entrance and joined them in their walk.

Doris had not been thinking of them while she looked, but now a new idea came to her in connection with Rica. She thought she would go home with her for a time till Ralph had left Burneston.

"She is vexed with me, but that is simply her own folly and prejudice. If she had heard Ralph Burneston's words to-day beside the river, she must have changed her opinion of him."

She thought Rica's vexation would quickly yield to delight when she told her her project of paying her a visit; her school-fellow owed her so very much, Doris argued, that she would surely be glad to discharge some part of the obligation. Just now in the distorted state of her mind, she thought of this more than of the love that had been between them.

Doris had threatened her husband that if Ralph stayed at the Hall she would leave it, but she cared far too much for the opinion of the world to do this in a way likely to compromise Mr. Burneston and herself. She would not go to the Cairn. Her father and George would ask questions, and her mother would fuss, and just now she could not endure interference of any sort. This quiet parsonage, where she would be treated as an honored guest, was the retreat she longed for; and her visit there would show her husband that she was in earnest.

Little tenderness mingled with the stern sadness with which she looked from the window at her husband. At last the sound of his laughter reached her, and she closed the window and turned away.

If she had staved a moment longer, she

would have seen Mr. Burneston come into the house in search of her.

Rica was following him, but Gilbert Raine stopped her.

"Miss Masham, will you listen to me for a minute?" he said. "I often find fault with you, but have I ever accused you of being unjust?"

In the half-light Rica felt more at her ease with him; even if she did look foolish she knew he could not see it.

"I never said you did."

There was more of her old brightness in the tone, and Gilbert took courage.

"Ah, but I thought you very unjust — and not long ago, either."

"I suppose you want me to ask why, just to give you a chance of teasing."

"I am not in a teasing humor, and whether you ask or not I shall tell you; you refused to hear my excuse for having offended you. Now, this was more than unjust; it was ungenerous — it was putting me in the wrong without appeal."

Something — a deep undertone — in his voice quieted her pride. Her heart throbbed strangely, but not with the pain it had suffered in the library. What it was she did not know; but something made her half shrink from, and yet drew her on strongly, irresistibly, to trust in Gilbert Raine. She felt sure he would not misjudge her, and once more she spoke naturally.

"I am glad you allow me some generosity."

She looked up smiling, but the tender, serious look that met hers quenched her sprightliness, and made her shy again.

"I want you to listen to me seriously." He began to walk faster, as if the movement helped him. "I did not mean to speak so soon; I fear you are not prepared for what I want to tell you. I have no choice. Did I not hear you tell my cousin just now that you are going to leave us?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," he went on hurriedly, "I must tell you something before you go. I had meant you to find it out for yourself, but it can't be helped. Do you remember that talk on the staircase years ago?"

Her large round eyes opened widely.

"Yes, I remember — about Clytie, and some other things; but why do you want to know?"

"Ah!" — he drew a long breath — "it is something to me that you do remember. Well, ever since that day I have been trying to forget that talk."

There was a pause. Rica's heart was

loosed of such a mighty restraint that her sauciness came back.

"You have been trying ever since? You have not tried very hard then."

She laughed, and she laughed too — hardly so naturally as Rica did, for his fear that she would not listen to what he wanted to say had made him strangely nervous.

"Yes; and besides that, I refused more than one invitation to Burneston lest I should meet you here. I thought you were like other women, and I did not want to be reminded of you. Are you angry at this confession?"

"Why should I be angry? — and yet I am. Why do you speak always so scornfully of women?"

"I will tell you some day; I am not sure enough yet. You are, perhaps, after all only an ordinary woman."

"I am quite sure I am a very ordinary woman." She laughed, but not easily; his manner puzzled her. "But, Mr. Raine, tell me if I offend you so much as to make you avoid me, why do you tell me all this?"

He smiled, though he had grown very earnest. It seemed to him no girl who was merely trifling with him could be so frank.

"I want to know," he said hurriedly, "whether I have done wisely in coming here after all. Tell me candidly whether I should not have spared myself a disappointment by staying away altogether?"

Rica was blushing deeply, but he could not see this in the dying light.

"I hardly know how to answer," she said at last.

"Shall I put a plainer question? When you go away from Burneston, will you forget me, or will you feel as I do, that there must be no question of parting between us two?" He waited impatiently. "Are you, or are you not sorry to leave Burneston?" he said angrily, for he thought he was again deceived.

"I am glad for most things," she said frankly; then all at once she understood the pain his silence expressed, "but I am sorry for others."

"One question more — have I anything to do with your sorrow?"

"Well — yes!"

He took her hand in his, and drew her under the cedar-tree.

"I am not used to young ladies," he said, "and I am an awkward old bachelor; but I do love you as well as I can love. Rica, will you be my wife? Tell me at once."

Rica shook her head.

"You are making a mistake," she said earnestly. "If you knew more of me you would never ask me. You can't think how full of faults I am. And then I never can help teasing. I should offend you altogether perhaps."

He drew her closer to him, and put his arm round her.

"My child," he said tenderly, "you have made me very happy. It is I who ought to fear for my worthiness; but I will not be satisfied, old as I am, unless you can give me your whole heart. Do you think you can do this, Rica?"

She hesitated. "Yes, I think I can," she whispered, and in that moment father and mother and all the merry home party were completely forgotten; new and sudden as it was, it seemed to Rica that she had never known what the word love meant before.

Presently they came out from under the cedar-tree, and walked up and down, sometimes talking, but chiefly silent in that unspeakable newness of bliss which no words can render—the glimpse of perfection which is given us for a brief space on earth, for each seems to the other so perfect in those first unreal moments of union—a bliss that does not stray an inch beyond the lover and his beloved, they are so wrapped in it they have no thought but for each other—a bliss which is selfish to all the world besides, and yet unselfish to the being which shares it.

Gilbert Raine could rouse himself from this first taste of happiness to feel the wind blowing keenly across the river, and to take Rica indoors lest it should chill her; but he never roused to remember how he had stood holding Rica's hands in his, and listening to her simple confessions beneath his young cousin's window.

Ever since his meeting with Rica in the library he had been so bent on winning her, that he had had no thought for aught else, and Ralph's absence during the evening had been altogether unheeded by him.

And all this time, while these two hearts had been pouring joy into one another's lives, Ralph had stood watching them, or rather divining their presence, betrayed even in the gloom by the white dress of Rica.

Faith had returned to his room with the brandy. He asked her where his father was; and she told him that the squire was walking up and down the terrace with Miss Masham.

Ralph went to the window and saw Gilbert join them. Then he watched his father's departure, and all that followed.

It was the bitter end of all. But for the hope of winning Rica, and thus triumphing over his stepmother, he would have defied his father, and left Burneston at once; as it had proved, he had only stayed to witness Gilbert's triumph. He could not see Raine and Rica distinctly, but he felt sure enough from their movements that no ordinary talk was passing between these two.

When they disappeared under the cedar-tree, he uttered a heartfelt curse.

"It is that woman's doing—all of it," he said. "She could not marry her to her brother, so she puts Gilbert in his place. I'll not stay here like a caged bird, to see their love-making. No, my friends, when you come to look for me to-morrow, the cage will be empty."

He drank off some brandy, and then he went again to the window.

His cousin and Miss Masham stood beneath it, and even in the gloom he could see that Raine held the girl's hands in his.

"The old fool!" he said furiously, "but I'll spoil his game yet."

He set the door open between his rooms, and kept walking up and down, stopping now and then to drink, and then resuming his walk, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets.

It seemed as if he could not stop for a moment. Twelve o'clock struck by the clock over the stables, and still he walked quickly up and down.

The wind had by this time become furious, and the huge branches of the beech-tree rattled against one of his windows, but he seemed unconscious of time or sound—he kept walking up and down.

From The Contemporary Review.  
RUSSIAN AGGRESSION,

AS SPECIALLY AFFECTING AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND  
TURKEY.

BY LOUIS KOSSUTH.

It will not be amiss to ventilate a little the Eastern question. Not as if I could say anything new, but because purified notions may consolidate instinctive aspirations into convictions, and longings into purposes.

The Eastern question is a European question. There is no power in Europe

that would not feel that the phases of that question are connected more or less, mediately or immediately, with its own interests.

Whence comes the importance of this question?

How and when did the Eastern question become a European question?

By the increase of the Russian power and since the time when Russia—by the diminution of the Turkish empire, and the dismemberment of Poland—*increased to formidable proportions, and thus became dangerous to the freedom of Europe.*

I feel thankfully indebted to the Porte. And I do not, like many people, consider gratitude to be a burden, but to be a dear obligation. I learned to esteem highly the noble qualities of the Turkish national character. And I learned it the more from the admirable phenomenon, that this people of tenacious morals could not be corrupted in their rich social virtues even by the pestiferous air which has floated over them from Constantinople through a period of several centuries, during which this capital has been converted into a witch-kettle of European intrigues, fighting for the maintenance of the equilibrium. This corrupt influence has found among the higher circles around that kettle individuals accessible to bribery; but the country people remain attached to the moral feelings and to the holy relics of social virtues, in the same way as in Hungary the eternal holy flame of nationality has been kept burning around the hearths of our people, whilst it has been extinguished in the palaces. It is true that the Turkish people remain still far behind in what we call civilization. This is not the fault of their susceptibilities, nor of their willingness. But it is quite certain that only national morality can supply a good soil for the roots of liberal institutions, and that they decay or become false without it. Quite as certain is it that the world would admirably contemplate how easily the most liberal institutions would take root, how naturally they would become acclimatized among the Turkish people if Europe would but prevent the hereditary foe of the Turkish empire from interfering with the spread of endeavors inspired by the warnings of time.

But these are my personal views, my individual sympathies. Sympathies, however, are no centre of attraction for the politics of the world; but self-interest is. And though for a long time the conservation of the Turkish empire was a dogma of the politics of the European equilib-

rium, and is still so *in foro conscientia*, it does not follow that Europe is in love with the Turks, but only that it *abhors the increase of Russian preponderance*. And rightly so.

*The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. "Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum."* This is the summary of European interests, considered from the European point of view. Every policy is either a cheat or a fallacy which does not take this fact as a starting-point.

The Eastern question is a question of Russian power. If this line be struck out, the Eastern question ceases, *ipso facto*, to be a European question. It descends at once to the level of internal questions, whose changing phases may be followed sympathetically or antipathetically, according to the inspiration of political principles or instinctive feelings; but they will never disturb the sleep of any European power. The Turkish Porte may succeed (and I wish from my innermost soul that she may succeed) in conciliating all her nationalities, of diverse races and creeds, either on the ground of equality of rights, surrounded by constitutional institutions, or by personal union, or on the ground of a strict federative system; or if she does not succeed, and on the ruins of her fallen power the nationalities of her empire should rise to autonomy, asserting their national individuality, all this will not threaten the peace or the liberty of Europe—all this will never be converted by anybody into a European question.

On the contrary, the Eastern question lies in the actual situation. Every aggression, either on the integrity of the Turkish empire or on her sovereignty, will always threaten the peace of Europe, because every direct or indirect increase of Russian preponderance in Europe will be a step to the fulfilment of that prophecy of Napoleon, that "*Europe will become Cossack.*"

They speak of humanity. Good God! where is the *Christian* power in Europe that has not unscrupulously disowned human feelings, not only when its own interests were concerned, but very often from mere revenge? What bitter feelings and remembrances crowd into my brains with feverish heat when I think that I am a Hungarian! and how many other terrible examples could I quote, through the long line of historical atrocities, down to the insane brutality of the French Commune, and to the subsequent reprisals of loosened fury! And I ask, where and when

has the trampling down of humanity, the traces of which are visible all over the world, been made a European question?

But it is impossible not to feel indignation in our human bosoms when we see that the very same power which rose by trampling down the freedom of its people, from the Vistula to the Behring Strait, from the Euxine to the glacial sea, covers its dangerous schemes with the veil of humanity, and increases continually the giant stature of its power by such systematic consistency and pitiless cruelty as stand unequalled in history.

There is no question of humanity here, but simply of the increase of Russian preponderance. The one is only dust thrown into the eyes of mankind that they may not see the other.

And they speak of freedom, of self-government! But the thing stands thus, that whilst Russian power presses upon the south-eastern part of Europe, the Christian nationalities of the Turkish empire will never be reconciled to the suzerainty of the Porte, nor can they become free and independent. They can only be instruments of Russian policy — sometimes by force, sometimes willingly, but always serviceable instruments.

Look at Servia. As far as the Porte is concerned Servia was a free country, quite as much so as any other European nation, and she wanted nothing but the mere title to be entirely independent. She was more independent than Hungary is at present with respect to her political, financial, and economical administration, in every point of view, even as regards the tribute payable to the Porte. But she was not free, she was not independent, with respect to Russia; she could not be so. Whoever has a protector, has a master too. Not that the Servians would not prefer to be free Servians, rather than vassals under Russian rule; but because they are unable to resist Russian pressure. This is the fatal necessity of the situation. The dust of verbal assurances was thrown into the eyes of Europe from St. Petersburg. It was said that the czar kept back Prince Milan from waging war. But Russian agents stirred up the fire of war; the easily inflammable passions of the Servian people were fanned by the prospect of securing Bosnia, and by the phantasmagoria of a "great Servia." Russian money overflowed Servia, a Russian general was placed at the head of the Servian army; Russian officers, and even such as were in active military service, were sent expressly on furlough; and thousands of

Russian soldiers crowded to Servia. And thus under the Servian mask it was that Russia began war against the Turks, in order to get a pretext to continue the war unmasked. The Servians were intoxicated with the war-cry of Slavonian liberty (which liberty blooms of course in Russia very nicely!) without perceiving that they fought, bled, and died, not for freedom, but in the interests of Russian preponderance. And what has become of "free" Servia? There she hangs on Russia's pleasure. She is at present a vassal of Russia. Russian military patrols keep the Servians "in order" at Belgrade. These are very edifying things, and very instructive too.

Or, let us look at Roumania. I have here no room to draw up an epitome of history, but it would be very advisable if the diplomatists would do so and study it a little. They would learn therefrom what is meant when Russia guarantees "self-governmental reforms" by "occupation of territory." I wish only to recall to mind, that since the time of the capitulation between Mircea and the sultan Bajazet on the part of Wallachia, and between Bogdan II. and Selim I. on the part of Moldavia, the Porte has always respected the liberty and self-government of Roumania. She has respected them in such an unheard-of liberal way, that the mighty Porte, the sovereign power, conceded to her vassals the most unbounded religious liberty, excluding even from these vassal provinces her own creed, and did not grant to her own Mohammedan subjects even the right of possessing there any landed property. The Turks have never violated that treaty. *Never!* Roumania was free; she is indebted for all her troubles and misfortunes (and, alas, how much has she suffered!) to the meddling of Russia. And every Roumanian patriot feels that if Russian power surrounds Roumania — this island in the midst of a Slavonian sea — his fatherland will be broken to pieces by the folds of the boa-constrictor. Every Roumanian dog knows it! And it was Europe that guaranteed the freedom and neutrality of Roumania!

And still Roumania is the high-road by which Russia marches to wage war against Turkey. Roumania is still the basis of the Russian war operations against the Porte, as it was in the year 1849 of those against the Hungarians. The Roumanian government prayed with clasped hands to the guaranteeing powers that they would protect her neutrality. But the Russians are very clever politicians; they chose the

right moment in which to stir up anew the Eastern question.

England is powerful. She can defend Constantinople and sweep the Russian flag from the seas. But she is not a Continental power. She *alone* cannot send an army of some hundred thousand men to Roumania.

France is still maimed; she begins to recover, but she suffers from her past losses. If she were not maimed, Russia would not dare what she dares now.

The German imperial government has polite words for every one, but it is its policy not to allow an alliance of any European power with Turkey against Russia, in order to localize the war. If this succeeds, it will be of the greatest service to Russia, as she will thus have an opportunity of preparing for the occupation of additional territory by raising internal convulsions in the Turkish provinces. And she will do it at the given time as well in Hungary as in Austria. And what is the key to this policy of Prince Bismarck? Nothing else but that he is afraid to offend Russia, as she might think of giving to France an aiding hand to procure revenge.

Lucky Italy, who deserves her luck for her constancy centuries ago, and who wins provinces by losing battles, is on the lookout to see whether there is visible on the horizon a completing ray of light for the "*stella d'Italia*."

In the councils of Austria the traditional demon of "rapine" goes about, and where he does not appear, the paralysis of irresolution "hums and haws" from one day to the other.

Hungary is a province, and not a State; she cannot follow an independent policy. She has given up herself. She is treated to death.

They counted on all this at St. Petersburg, ere the "pacific" czar Alexander became such a resolute "champion."

For Roumania the end will be that the free Roumania whose neutrality has been guaranteed by the powers will be held in dependence by Russia, as she has been so many times before. The Roumanian-Russian alliance is an accomplished fact, and by it Roumania has become the auxiliary of Russia. What could the Roumanians have done? Could they, left alone to themselves, have resisted the Russian pressure? Could they, wolf-like, have shown their teeth to her whom the European powers regard with lamb-like patience? The situation coerced them.

This is the philosophy of the Eastern

question. As long as Russia is conscious of her overwhelming power, and knows that she may press with all her might upon the Turkish empire, nobody can there become free or independent. They may change masters, get a new patron, but the new patron's vital power consists in an autocracy in whose outspread arms freedom dies, and only the weeds of the *Nihilismus* pullulate secretly. Such a "patron" they may get, but nobody can become free under "Russian protectorship."

And it is right that I should mention here what misconceptions there are as to the meaning of the tide of feelings and apprehensions that shakes the nerves of the Hungarian nation. They say the Hungarians are afraid of the freedom of their neighbors, the Slavonians. This is not true. It is only intrigue that can say so, only blindness or silliness that can believe it.

Hungary and the Hungarians' love of liberty are "twins born the same day." They have lived together a thousand years. The Hungarians nowhere and never feared, and do not fear liberty. And they were never exclusive in their love of liberty; they never accommodated even their privileges to certain races. And we are the less afraid of the liberty of our Eastern neighbors, since I feel thoroughly convinced that if these nations were to become free,—really free, not Russian serfs,—then Hungary (if she may still keep the mastership of her own destiny) would be quite ready to inaugurate with them such defensive combinations as, though in the interest of the European equilibrium, would also uphold and secure *their individual national independence*.

And I am convinced also that such a combination, in which the Turkish nation may very naturally join, is one of the chief necessities of the logic of history. Only in this order of ideas can be found security for the independence of minor nations against the pressure of the greater aggrandizing powers.

We are not afraid of liberty, but of the increase of Russian power. That is what we Hungarians are afraid of. We fear that if the Turkish empire should be dismembered, if its sovereignty should be undermined previous to the removal of this danger, and if this dismemberment and undermining should be provoked by Russia, and turned to her profit, the result would not be that free nations would rise out of the ruins of the Turkish empire, but rather the result would be Rus-

sian occupation, or else (which is the same thing, though more dangerous) Russian servitude, accompanied, as a compensation, by the "grand idea" of affinity of race as a honeyed cake; and the Slavonian nations would be fettered to the Russian yoke. This would, in some inevitable way, have a tendency to enslave Hungary as well, and we should finally, after many and great struggles, be brought to perdition, as Poland was a century ago.

And I must observe that the danger that threatens us, threatens still more the Austrian empire. There is between us such a community of interests as gives the power to secure the removal of this danger; and the government can thus count on the whole nation, which would rise as if her millions were only one man, not merely in blind obedience, but with all the power which a nation can exert when it defends its existence, its very life.

This is the danger that shakes the heart-strings of the Hungarian nation. This makes it ready for every exertion, for every sacrifice, in order that the integrity of the Turkish empire and the sovereignty of the Porte may not become a prey to Russian tyranny and aggrandisement.

Remove this danger, and we shall always approve the regenerational endeavors of the Turkish nationalities, and shall feel great pleasure if this regeneration succeed without destruction of races, language, or creed,—the old internal hatreds being superseded by equal laws and equal freedom. We Hungarians shall thus acquire in the Turkish empire such friends as could not be found elsewhere on the surface of the whole earth. But if fate, whose skein is composed of the thread of the immutable past, should decide that all these endeavors shall be fruitless, owing to so many impediments being thrown in the way of their fulfilment by foreign intrigues, egotism, meddling, and passion, then we are very much afraid of the liberty of our neighbors. If the contrary happen, however, we will welcome them at the round table of free and independent nations; we will offer them our hands, and aid them so that their liberty and independence may be secured against every external aggression.

Far from my fatherland I live in solitary seclusion, and shall die there. But if I am forced to forget much, there is something I can never forget; it is that I know the Hungarian heart, on whose throbbing my hand has so often rested.

I shall now state why I think that

Hungarian public opinion should occupy a determinate position on this Eastern question.

It was diplomatically acknowledged during the crisis of 1854, how dangerous Russian power had become to the liberty of Europe, and it was then seen that the future could only be secured against the renewal of this question by that power being reduced to lesser proportions, such as would not endanger Europe.

This was what England aimed at in the Crimean war of 1854. But her programme could not be carried out then in consequence of the *attitude of Austria*, as may be seen from some of the articles in the French *Moniteur*, containing those official revelations with which Napoleon III. tried to soothe the English public opinion, the fluctuations of which I then strove to direct, and which strongly demanded the restoration of Poland.

And the programme not being carried out is the reason why this question now shows itself in a still more dangerous form than it has ever done since that time.

In a more dangerous form, I say, because the Russian preponderance of power has assumed such a character as against the liberties of Europe generally, and against those of our country particularly, as shows her aim to be new territorial annexations.

The emperor of Russia has written upon his banner "The Slavonic Cause." This was the phrase used by him on the occasion of his warlike speech at Moscow. This phrase had hitherto been paraded only in the Slavonian dictionaries for private use; it had not before appeared in the plan of the confessed policy of the Russian government. It now appears from beneath the ground, where it had before worked mole-like,—rising, on the arms of the absolute autocrat of eighty-two millions of serfs, to the daylight as an active power. The czar now occupies the position of the declared champion of Panslavism.

And what is this Panslavism? This is no merely national matter, no affair of national freedom. It absorbs the different Slavonic nations into one single race. It substitutes race for nationality; power of race for liberty.

The signification of "the Slavonic Cause" as a Russian war-cry is this: that the cabinet of St. Petersburg seeks, wherever there are Slavonians, instruments wherewith to paralyze the policy of some other power, to cripple its force, and to find in the Panslavists wedges

with which it may split states asunder, if they stand in the way of Russia's extension of power; and to create new combinations, either as her tools or her objects, for the sake of her aggrandizement.

At present it is the Turkish empire that is the anvil upon which Russia strikes with her Panslavistic hammer. Her first object is the country which forms an angle betwixt the vital artery of our fatherland and Austria, the Danube, and her estuary on the coast of the Euxine.

That after the Turks, we and Austria would next be struck upon, is quite clear. Not to see this, is blindness. To see and not to prevent it, is suicide.

This is no mere question of sympathy or antipathy. It is a matter of vital importance for Hungary, that the integrity and sovereignty of the Turkish empire should be secured, and that Russia, who is the enemy of the liberties of Europe, should have her poison-fangs torn out, before she can consolidate and increase her annexations for her own advantage.

This is the philosophy of the situation.

It is a fact, that with respect to this danger the workings of diplomatists afford to us Hungarians no comfort. They dissimulate; they will not even show that they are aware of the real danger.

The traditions of the past are very disquieting. It is an historical fact that there is not a single example of Austria having taken the part of Turkey against Russia. She has always been biassed in favor of Russia. She has always, indeed, declared openly for her. There have been cases when she acted as mediator, as at Nimie-row; and as soon as she heard of the capture of Cracow by the Russians, and their invasion of the Crimea, she attacked with armed force the oppressed Turks. She made a treaty with the Russians for the dismemberment of Turkey. She had a share in the prey. She accepted the half of Moldavia (Bukovina) as a compensation for Poland, of which she got only a small part. So it was planned by Kaunitz and Gallitzin.

These are the traditions of Viennese policy on the Eastern question.

That a continuation of this traditionary policy would be dangerous in the highest degree, to our fatherland and to the monarchy, is clear. To permit Russia to become either the direct lord or the dictator of the southern Slavonians, to be the steel hoop which compresses them, is equivalent to multiplying the splitting wedges.

I cannot believe that these dangerous traditions can be continued within the circles of a constitutional government. But there are very influential circles, apart from constitutional bodies, that stick to this traditional policy. They are fond of those siren songs, which are always heard when Austria has lost something, and whose burden is, "Go for compensation to the East."

These are very disquieting things. And it is a fact, that the Hungarian government has till now done little to soothe or appease the mind of the nation. Its reservedness has transgressed the farthest limits. Though reservedness may be safe in some cases, when it overreaches itself it is a fault, a blunder.

Now, as the situation is full of danger, as diplomacy gives no comfort, as the traditions of the past are disquieting, and as the government does nothing to appease the people, it is not only a natural consequence, but it is also a postulate of self-preservation, that the nation should now occupy such a position on the Eastern question as should make the whole world aware what is the political tendency most conformable or most contrary to our national interests.

The interruption of the manifestations of public opinion caused by the very sinister prorogation of the Hungarian Diet, was explained, if not as a change of mind, at least as a loss of interest, and gave rise to the apprehension that in the councils of the Viennese cabinet certain influences, whose existence is an open secret, might gain the preponderance.

This apprehension was very well founded. The "taking up" of a position preparatory to becoming a sharer in the booty was nearly accomplished when, fortunately, the Turkish victories stopped these dangerous preparations, and Hungarian patriotism watchfully called out, "Be on thy guard, Hungarian! who will keep watch for thee, if thou thyself doest it not for thy fatherland?" And it spread all over the country, loudly proclaiming to friends and foes that the Hungarian nation wakefully watched.

When I speak of the Hungarian nation, I do not mean the Magyar race, but every faithful son of the fatherland, without distinction of race, tongue, or creed, who sticks patriotically to that type of government which has belonged to Hungary for a thousand years, and who wishes to see also Hungary remain as Hungary in the future, with her unity and indivisibility forever secured.

This it is that serves as a criterion of the public opinion of the Hungarian nation. This, and not an inflamed sentimentality, sympathetic or antipathetic, is the starting point of the conviction, that dikes should be raised against the Russian extension; for if we do it not we expose our fatherland and the monarchy, whose interests in this respect are identical, to the necessary consequence that the Russian power, increased already by the dismemberment of Poland to formidable proportions, would attack, after this new augmentation of force, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as a boa-constrictor that compresses her giant folds around the body of her prey, or as a hundred-armed polypus that screws itself into the flesh.

That this would be the unavoidable consequence of Russian extension cannot be doubted, considering the geographical position and ethnographical situation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

Then it will no more be a question of the Hungarian race,—reduced by the Russophiles only to four millions of inhabitants; it will be a question whether Hungary shall remain Hungary.

And now it is necessary to point out a dangerous network which already hangs around us. This network is knitted out of that erroneous conception that the power of Russia can only become dangerous to us by territorial occupation.

They say, "The czar has given his word that he will not *occupy*; and the czar is an honest man" (Brutus is an honorable man); "let him then manage" (I very nearly wrote mismanage) "in the East. The present vocation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is to remain in readiness" (and of course only in the south, where we can do mischief to the Turks, but in no imaginable case to the Russians), "and only to step into action if the czar should break his word, and want to occupy whilst the peace negotiations last. Oh! then we shall draw out the sword from the scabbard, and then we shall do—this and that."

The nation should be on its guard against this network. It is a very dangerous network.

Firstly, I say, if the czar should come out victoriously from this war, then the Vienna cabinet will not draw the sword to impede the czar in his occupation, but only that it may participate in the booty. God save our poor country from this suicidal tingling of swords, where infamy would cover the suicide! But let us keep

also in mind that God protects only those who defend themselves.

Secondly, I say, even if the Viennese cabinet would impede at *such a time* the Russian occupation, it would not find a single ally to assist it to overthrow an accomplished fact, such as it could secure at present, if it wished it, for the far easier task of preventing Russian occupation from becoming an accomplished fact. Prussia would not help her out of this difficulty with Russia; France would not help her; Italy would not help her. The Vienna cabinet would then have, not an ally more but *a mighty ally less*, one who under given circumstances would prove better than any other, *and this is the Turk*. We should lose him by yon network policy; we should lose him without replacing him by any other. We should lose him, whether the czar occupied territory or not. In the case of his raising army after army against the forsaken Turks and finally conquering them—then, of course, a Turkish alliance would be out of the question. Or if the Turk, losing patience at the foul play of Europe, and above all of the Vienna cabinet, should say, "Well, if Europe, and especially the Vienna cabinet, does not care for me, I do not care for them either," and should sign a separate peace with Russia—then the Vienna cabinet might stare at yon wooden idol, chiselled by its own political wisdom, and write protocols, which would be "set aside" by the "world's judge," History, as has always happened.

Thus this policy of looking out for the keeping or not keeping of the czar's word is either bad calculation or criminal calculation; either crime or folly. Take your choice!

But there is a still more decisive view for us. This is, that the menacing danger for the Austro-Hungarian empire would not be removed even if the czar kept his word and did not occupy; for even if he did not occupy, but terminated the war victoriously, the fact that he had conquered would secure for him the power of leadership—that dictatorial influence which is his designed aim, and is written on his banner as "the Slavonic Cause." And for the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the danger is not greater from the czar extending his power by occupation than it would be if he showed by victory that he can be a mighty stronghold of "the Slavonic Cause," and thus extend his influence over the eastern Slavonians and over those that are with them in the same camp, viz., our neighbors on the left hand

as well as those on the right hand, and also in our own country. These he could dispose of as their leader, their lord, their protector. The Muscovite papers do not conceal that as the banner of "the Slavonic Cause" is unfurled, so after the Turkish "Slavonic Cause," the "Slavonic Cause" of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will follow. And this is no idle boast; it is logic. This latter kind of Russian extension is really more dangerous for us and for Austria than any occupation of territory, — a mode of extension which does not win over, but alienates, those whose country is occupied. It is not a desirable fate to be a Russian subject, and an occupation is, at the worst, but a bo-constrictor, against which it is still possible to struggle; but the other one is the polypus: if he pierces into our flesh, there is no possibility of extrication left for us.

The danger which arises from the Russian movement cannot be averted effectually from the Austro-Hungarian empire by watching the czar's promise; for in either case he will occupy a conspicuous place on the page of history as the victorious leader of Pan Slavism. The Slavonian aspirations towards a universal monarchy will gather around czarism; this will be the star that will lead the way, the Messiah to whose call they will listen, the idol they will adore, the lord who will command them, and whose obedient serfs they will be; and *thus Pan Slavism will develop into Panslavo-Czarism.*

But if we send the czar who unfurled the Panslavonic banner back as a loser, then the wings of his Ghengis-Khanic flight will be clipped, the charm broken, and the Panslavic aspirations will lose their force. The Slavonians will perceive that it is not safe to carve for themselves an idol, in order to adore him as the god of liberty. The prop will be found broken, and the support will fall asunder like loosened sheaves. The different Slavonic nations will not seek salvation in the worshipping of the czarism that leads to Russification, and therewith to the fetters of slavery, to drunken misery, and dreams of brutality; but, in the conservation of their individual nationality, in the elevation and maintenance of the vestal fire of their self-esteem, they will find the road that leads to freedom. And we Hungarians will welcome them heartily on this road, accompany them with warm sympathy, as we accompanied them in past times, and as far as we are able aid every pulsation of the vital power of yon miraculous Slavonic

"*living statue*," whose national consciousness has never been broken, either by seduction or by the storm of long sufferings.

Really, if there be any situation that is clear, the present one is.

The Turk has understood the signs of the time. He gave a constitution to the communities of his empire, without distinction of race, tongue, or creed, on the basis of equality before the law. His enlightened statesmen provided that all the excrescences of exclusiveness which had been successively added to the morally pure civilization of Mohammedanism, should be buried in the grave of the past. The czar of all the Russias threw his army into the midst of this peaceable undertaking, to prevent the Turks from realizing this liberty. He was afraid that when even the half-moon should reflect the glare of the sun of liberty, this glare might penetrate into the darkness of his servile empire, as the beams of the Hungarian peasant emancipation had penetrated the night of Russian slavery.

The Austro-Hungarian government must reckon with itself as to what can be claimed legally and fairly from the Turkish government in the interests of its Christian subjects, without undermining thereby the existence of the Ottoman empire. Let them come to a mutual understanding with each other. It will not be so difficult, since the Porte has intelligence and goodwill as well. They should conclude a treaty of alliance on the basis of this understanding, for the repulse of the Russian attack which threatens our fatherland and the Austrian monarchy very dangerously. With this alliance consummated, let Austria-Hungary say to Russia, "Well, the Turks have administered justice to their subjects, and thou wouldst still continue the war. This can have no other meaning than that thou strivest to extend thy power. This we cannot permit in the interests of our monarchy, and we are firmly resolved not to allow it. Then let the bloodshed cease."

And it would cease. The Russian would not expose himself to the chance, that whilst the Turkish lion stood in front of him, the Austro-Hungarian military force should take up a position behind his back and cut off his retreat. The fatherland and the monarchy would be saved without striking a single blow, or at a proportionately small sacrifice; which sacrifice might be reduced to the concentration of a conspicuous army corps. This demonstration should of course be made on

the Danube and in Transylvania, but not in Dalmatia, nor on the Croatian military frontier, which would be very ridiculous if it were not at the same time very suspicious. And with the safety of the fatherland and of the monarchy the demands of humanity would be considered also, for it is indeed very shocking that there should be a war in the nineteenth century, which, in its horrors, exceeds the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century. And the protection of the Eastern Christians would also be vouchsafed, without crippling the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire or the dignity of the State. These results, which can be attained thus, but only thus, would secure the weight, the authority, the splendor, and the fame of our monarchy in the highest degree.

I have only tried to show the political bearings, not to lay down precise schemes of action. I feel convinced that the looming danger can only be averted from our country and from the monarchy by a policy having the above-named tendency.

And it is certain that, with such a tendency, the government could securely count on the self-sacrificing readiness of the entire Hungarian people without exception of party.

And why does not the government attempt it? Such a chance is very rare. Why not use it? These circumstances open up to Count Julius Andrassy the opportunity of covering himself with great and lasting glory. He can become the savior of his fatherland, of the monarchy, of the reigning dynasty, if he will understand the work of the hour. He will be their gravedigger if he does not do it, or if he dares not do it.

What hinders him from daring it?

I hear Prussia mentioned. Yes, ten years ago the nation was frightened into the Delegations by the Russian hobgoblin, and now she is like to be driven into the arms of Russia by the terror of Prussia.

I will not deny the Russian inclinations of the Berlin cabinet. The personal leanings of the emperor William have a share in this, possessing undoubtedly great weight in the decision of the Berlin policy. And the false position of Germany has also a share therein, into which false position she has been thrown by the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine, which seems even to push into the background a consideration which should never be lost sight of by Germany, at present the first power of Europe. This consideration is that every increase of the Russian power must necessarily compromise the primal position of

the German empire in Europe; and that in the last analysis—against which personal inclinations struggle in vain—it may lead to a collision between the German and Slavonian races, the like of which has not yet been witnessed by the world. Rome and Carthage cannot exist side by side for long.

But however strong the present inclinations of the Berlin cabinet may be, they cannot go so far as to compel Prussia to take Russia for her patron, and become the client of the latter. And, in the last resort, the German imperial policy has to reckon with the other German princes and with the German nation; and among the former, as well as in the ranks of the latter, there are those who recollect Russian patronage and the significance of clientship for Germany under Russian rule. And those who recollect this would soon warn the Berlin cabinet that German blood belongs to Germany, and not to the Russians.

The knowledge of the logic of history, which I have acquired by long study and painstaking (and the cares that whitened my hair have their own tale to tell), and, at last, experience, have taught me that the German emperor might give advice in the shape of Russian inspirations, but that, whatever be the policy of the Vienna cabinet in the Eastern question, it is certain, that, to favor Russia, the German empire will never declare war against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

I take all that they say about Prussian threats for mere claptrap, originating from yonder camarilla, that strives—and alas! strives with great effect—that the Vienna cabinet should do the same things in aid of the aggressive Russian policy against Turkey that it did against Poland, when Russia undertook to annihilate the independence of that unhappy country, and for the same end—viz., that she should become a sharer in the robbery, instead of allying herself with Turkey, as she ought to have done with the Poles, to frustrate the robbery.

This is the danger which I see, like a death-prophecy bird, with outstretched wings, fluttering over my country; and my patriotism stimulates me to call to mind other things in connection with certain premonitory reflections on the rising manifestations of public opinion.

I repeat, that the important point for the Hungarian nation in this question is this: that by the war which rages in our neighborhood the vital interests of our

fatherland as well as those of Austria are jeopardized.

I place weight on the fact that at present the vital interests of Austria are in harmony with our vital interests.

My views on the subject of the connection between Austria and Hungary are known. These interests are in such opposition with reference to the reciprocal State life and mutual State economy, that it is utterly impossible even to fancy any form of connection that would be satisfactory to both countries. It is for this that I remain in exile — a living protest against this connection.

I do not, therefore, consider it to be my duty to feel sad forebodings for the special interests of Austria when its danger does not at the same time threaten the interests of our fatherland. But when the danger of the one walks arm in arm with that of the other, I put great weight thereupon, in order that Austria should feel the danger in unison with Hungary.

We stand in the face of a war that threatens our country and Austria with mortal dangers if we do not aid the Turks in impeding the extension of Russian power. This war has found Austria in a State connection with Hungary. I do not think that Russia would listen to us if we should tell her she should delay the war till this connection be dissolved. She would surely not delay. Then things stand thus: that the same king of Hungary whom our nation asks to frustrate the Russian aggressive policy is also emperor of Austria. This Austrian emperor stands very often in opposition to the king of Hungary. This time he is not so. And I think that the wishes of our nation can only gain in weight when she asks her sovereign to fulfil his duty as savior of the country, by acting as he ought to do as king of Hungary; also, in the mean time, pointing out that this is his interest as emperor of Austria as well. It is for this reason — namely, that I like to appeal also to Austrian vital interests — that I repeat emphatically that the vital interests of Hungary and of Austria are identical.

This view is perfectly justified by the political significance and far-reaching importance of the Eastern question as it stands with reference to us.

If the Turkish empire were to be under no pressure from the power that threatens the liberty of Europe, — a colossus increased to formidable proportions by the dismemberment of Poland — then the Eastern question would be nothing else

than a home question between the Turks and the other peoples of different races in the Turkish empire.

And if this question stood thus, neither the integrity nor the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, nor the reforms conceded or denied to the nations of that empire, would affect in the least, not the more distant countries of Europe, but not even us or Austria, who are her neighbors, except from a humanitarian, sympathetic, or antipathetical point of view.

We have learned to appreciate justly the fundamental features of the Turkish character. We are aware, as I have said, that we possess in the Ottoman nation such reliable friends as we could not find anywhere else in the world, because our interests are so identical that there is not only no opposition, but not even a difference between us. We recollect gratefully the generosity shown to us by the Turks in the days of our sorrow; and it is honorable on our part to remember this warmly just now in the days of their sorrow. And so it is certain that we Hungarians should follow all regenerative endeavors of the Turks with heartfelt sympathy and blessing. We should feel gratified if they succeeded in removing the obstacles in their way to liberty. On the other hand, if in consequence of Russian pressure the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire should be identical with the aggrandisement of Russia, there would not be a single Hungarian who would not consider the territorial integrity of Turkey, and the upholding of its sovereignty, as a *conditio sine quâ non* of the maintenance of our own integrity and independence. No one would think of shedding his blood nor offering aid to the Turks if it were not for the threatening attitude of Russia; but for that we should not look with anxiety on the aspirations of the Slavonic nations.

Though all the provinces of Turkey should gain such an "autonomy" (!) as that which is prepared for the Bulgarians by Prince Cherkaski after the Russian pattern and in the Russian language, still the Eastern question would not be solved, but would then be revived in the face of Europe, and especially in that of Hungary and Austria, in such tremendous proportions as it has not yet reached.

Yes, because the Eastern question, I repeat again, is a question of Russian power; clearly, distinctly, a question of Russian aggrandisement.

And it will remain so until Europe, after a tardy repentance, shall at last determine the restoration of Poland, and thus avert

the curse from herself which she has incurred by the crime of that partition.

Only by the restoration of Poland can Russia be pushed back upon her ancient boundaries, where she could in her still vast empire let her subjects become free men, and thus occupy a still glorious and prominent place at the round table of civilized nations, but a place whence she could no more threaten us and Austria and Europe with her Panslavo-Czaristical and universal-monarchical ambitions. Only when it shall be made sure on the banks of the Vistula that she can never more suffocate Turkey—only then will the Eastern question step down to an internal, and, if you like it, to a humanitarian level, and be solved in such a way as not to be dangerous to Europe.

But so long as this does not happen, the Eastern question will always remain a Russian question of power. If the Turkish empire should be dismembered in consequence of Russian pressure, or even if it should be crippled, I repeat that every inch lost by the Turks would only increase Russian power. The diminution of Turkish sovereign independence would increase Russian influence, which would act as a dissolving poison on us and on Austria; and the unavoidable consequence would be that the nations which had been severed from the Turkish rule would not become free, but Russian serfs—forming the tail of that boa-constrictor which presses us closely, the arms of that polypus which clings to our flesh.

These are the considerations which induce the Hungarians to adopt the view that their very existence is endangered by the war in their neighborhood.

And these considerations are so momentous that, if we Hungarians should continue to look on in cowardly inactivity at the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, or, which is identical, at the aggrandizement of Russian power, if we should look on in cowardly inactivity while the boa-constrictor gathers material to form a new tail from the southern Slavonians, while the polypus makes out of them new trunks,—it would be such suicidal insanity that I cannot find a word to designate it. We should be worse than the worms creeping upon the ground if we did not protect ourselves against it.

These are sad times. After so much blood has been spilt that the nations might become independent, we are still in the position that the fancy and the will of two or three purple-clad mortals are decisive, and not the will of the people. But the

Hungarian people will live—they will not go so far in their resignation as to commit suicide for the sake of any mortal man whatever. We must raise a dike against the extension of Russian power. And to do that, we must conserve and uphold the unity and the independence of the Turkish empire; for at present that is the practical way to construct a dike. This view is firmly upheld by the Hungarian nation, whatever form of expression they may use to state their will; and in this respect all the Hungarians are of the same opinion without difference of party. They are of the same opinion, for they are convinced that this is a vital interest of our fatherland. And justly therefore Hungary feels indignation, and disavows—the whole Hungarian nation does it—that immoral and impolitic idea, that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy should become an accomplice in the occupation of any part of Turkey for the sake of the enemy of our country's vital interests.

Governments should never be in opposition to the popular wishes when governments wear the constitutional toga. It is the worse policy if they are. On the present occasion the wishes of the nation show themselves so unmistakably plain, that it would be a dangerously daring feat if the government should try to elude them by some parliamentary trick. It is a question of existence. The nation knows this well. And ours is a loyal nation. Therefore, I say to those in authority, comply with her wishes. Don't force her to take in her own hands the insurance of her life. She will do it if she is forced to it, because she will not die. The Hungarian nation will not be a worm to be trampled upon by the heel of the trampers. She will not suffer that the bowing diplomatists of czars and Cæsars should convert Hungary into a powder-barrel to be exploded by Russian intrigues with a Panslavonic match.

They told thee, Hungary! "Be reconciled with Austria that thou mayest be safe from the Russian." Thou hast been reconciled: let us see the conciliator, where is he?

Almighty Father! if the Hungarians were but independent!

*De profundis ad te, Domine, clamavi.*

I know that what I have been saying is nothing new. But still I thought it right to speak my mind, as the prime minister of Hungary has made a very startling declaration.

When it was resolved in a public meet-

ing of citizens that the integrity of the Turkish empire should be upheld even by armed force, the prime minister of Hungary gave the following answer: "*That it is not allowable to shed Hungarian blood for the interests of any other power, and that the government will never give its consent that the heroic sacrifice of the Hungarian nation should be made for others.*"

So the Hungarian prime minister still considers the upholding of the Turkish empire against the Panslavonic standard-bearer, the Russian czar, as being for the interests of "others."

Every inhabitant of Hungary who wishes the conservation of our country, and those, also, who speculate on her overthrow, know that *our country's existence is at stake*. The prime minister is, perhaps, the only man in Hungary who does not see this.

But since the crippling of the integrity of the Turkish empire is identical with the aggrandizement of Russian power, nobody in the world has the right to say that Hungarians are sacrificing Hungarian blood for the sake of others when they offer to shed it for the upholding of the integrity of the Turkish empire. The prime minister ought to know that this willingness is a flower that has grown in the soil of self-preservation, and opened its cup under the shining of the purest patriotic sunbeams.

The Hungarian prime minister has spoken a startling word. If this is to be the standpoint of the government, I declare most emphatically that the interests of Hungary are in dangerous hands.

Whoever, *in this war*, considers the upholding of the Turkish empire to be a foreign cause, *will not raise a dike to the extension of the Russian power: for he is not far from the thought of sharing with the Russians in the Turkish booty.*

But I should like to believe that this most unlucky expression was only an unconsidered pistol-shot, which went farther than it was intended. I do not say that the Hungarian government has deliberately thrown itself into the arms of those who are undoubtedly stirring dangerous questions in the regions of diplomatic circles. I can doubt, I can foresee, but I cannot assert, for I don't know it. But alas! I know, that neither in the declarations of the Hungarian government, nor in the actions of the leader of the foreign policy, can a Hungarian patriot find comfort.

It will not be amiss to call to mind now,

when the representatives of the country are assembled again, that the nation, without difference of parties, expects that they will rise above party spirit and secure the fulfilment of the nation's will.

The most weighty declaration of the Hungarian prime minister has been that in which (I quote it word by word) he assured the House of Representatives that *there is not a single person among the leaders who thinks it ought to be the aim of our foreign policy that the power and sovereignty of Turkey should be changed.*

This declaration has been greatly applauded, because (as I know positively) on both sides of the House many persons who were present, at the first hearing interpreted the speech, full of diplomatically clever phraseology, as assuring them that the directors of the foreign policy of the monarchy would hold it to be their task to see that the power and sovereignty of Turkey should remain unchanged.

Alas! the Hungarian prime minister did not only not say this, not only did he not want to say it, but, on the contrary, when some days later two of the representatives ascribed this sense to the declaration of the prime minister, the latter contradicted that explanation of his words.

*"Quæsi vi lucem, ingemuitque reperta."*

The far-famed ministerial declaration comes to nothing else but this: "The house of our neighbor is so situated with reference to our house, that if his catches fire ours will catch fire too. The house of our neighbor has been attacked by robbers and incendiaries with torches. Our household takes fright for our dwelling, and the responsible watcher of the Hungarian household says, 'Don't be anxious; I give you the assurance that amongst us, your watchmen, there is none who would hold that it is his task to burn down our neighbor's house!'"

The other declaration of the prime minister has been, that "*the government has not given to any one, in any sense whatever, a promise what it will do; nor have they assumed any obligation, but they possess their full freedom of self-decision.*"

From this declaration we learn two things, but neither of them is comforting. We learn that the government does not know yet what it will do. It has no fixed aim. Its policy has no certain tendency. It sails about without a compass. It expects good luck wherever the wind shall blow. If this be policy, it is a very improvident one.

"The hour brings its own counsel" (*Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath*). This is the

summary. Such determination according to the occasion may be a very good thing in itself, it is well to know *how* we shall reach the aim we have in view; but I don't think, in the present international imbroglio of affairs, which endangers the vital interests of the country, that to relegate the tendency of policy (not the *how*, but the *what*!) to the chance of future decision, can be advisable or even permissible.

And I am very fearful that the prime minister has told the truth. I see that the minister of foreign affairs, by the consent of the leaders of both parties, has constructed for himself a scheme wherein he can indeed place many things, but what are these things? This he leaves to the future. "*Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath.*" The signification of the plan is the following: "Let the Russians do whatever they like. Our position towards them is a friendly neutrality." *Neutrality, and friendly*: a steel hoop, made of wood! *Contradictio in adjecto*. But, alas! still true. *Friendly* towards Russia; *hostile* towards Turkey; but no *neutrality*. When a country is affected in her vital interests by a war, as our country is now, neutrality is an absolute impossibility. Inaction is no neutrality. That this hitherto observed inaction has been of great service to the Russians is a fact crying to heaven and earth. But I will now continue the scheme. "If the Turks shall be victorious, everything will remain as it has been; and we shall mediate during the final negotiations, in order that the Turk may not press too hardly on the Russians, with whom we shall keep on 'friendly terms.' If, on the contrary, the Russians advance victoriously, 'we shall take up a position' in behalf of the conquered Turks; we shall strive to moderate the Russian exactions at the final negotiations; but in any case, if the Russians rob, we will rob too *if possible down to Salonica!* And then we will say to Hungary and to Austria, '*Well, we have secured the interests of the monarchy in the face of the Russian extension-policy.*' The Russians have annexed, but we have annexed also; the equilibrium which was upset by robbery has been restored by robbery."

Such is the "scheme" of the policy of "freedom of self-decision," of which the prime minister has been boasting. I shall be very glad if the patriotism of the national representatives should give such a guarantee for the fulfilment of the people's wishes as may refute my suspicion—I had nearly written my "*certainty*."

The second thing we learn from the

quoted declaration is this, that our government *has no ally*. I think that, under such circumstances, there are two things which are the chief duties of a government. The one is that it shall see its way clearly with reference to the tendency of its policy,—of this I have spoken already; the other is that, in order to secure this policy, it should think of getting allies. It is a bad case that the government has no allies. I could even call this also neglect of duty, because they could have had allies if they had had a good policy.

But it is still worse that the *untrammelled attitude*, of which the prime minister has boasted, *favours the Russians*. Since the beginning of the complications we have heard of nothing so emphatically as the confederacy of the three emperors, which was formally styled "a friendly understanding." One of those three confederates is the czar. My dear fatherland! thou art indeed in great danger from that *untrammelled attitude* which operates in friendly relations with Russia. Hitherto it has acted in that way. I could cite many testimonies; I will quote only a single one.

The government says it has no obligations. What! Has it not entered into an engagement to let Roumania be occupied by Russia who unfurled the banners of "the Slavonic Cause," and so to convert this province into a place for her military operations, notwithstanding that the neutrality of that country has been guaranteed by the European powers, under whose protectorate it has been placed? Yes, they have engaged themselves, and by a formal bargain, because they have expressly stipulated, as a reward, that the czar shall not force Servia into war.

This fatal obligation is the source of all the evils which have happened hitherto and which will happen hereafter, and of all the dangers that threaten our country.

But the thing does not end here. The world is filled with anxiety lest even this stipulation should be omitted, and lest the Viennese cabinet should not try to prevent the czar from taking Servia into action. Lo! because the Turkish lion has struck the czar over the fingers, the great czar is in want of the perjury of little Servia, to whom Turkey the other day granted forgiveness. Thus the *untrammelled attitude* leans again towards Russia.

The representatives of Hungary will, no doubt, without party difference, feel the danger that menaces them through this new aggravation of circumstances.

I must now advert to a third govern-

mental declaration, and I find it very weighty.

When an interpellation was directed to the government with reference to its policy, instead of confessing its leanings, it avoided the question by declaring *that the interests of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy have led and will lead their policy, and that the interests of the monarchy under every circumstance will be considered.*

The government, in fact, always serves up the same dish, nobody knowing whether it is fish or flesh, not even the butler who serves it. This is the question, in what direction (*not by what means but in what direction*) the minister seeks his policy? and whether he seeks it in a direction conformable to the interests of the monarchy?

If they should again serve a dish, which is neither "fish nor flesh," in the House of Representatives, and if the House should be contented with this assurance (as we heard out of doors), that "*the government keep before their eyes the wish of the nation that the interests of the monarchy—in opposition to the Russian policy of extension—should be secured,*" the ambiguity of the situation would not be at all changed, and the door would still be left open; so that if events took another turn, the water would be turned to grind the mill for those "influences that wish to get a share," and our nations would some morning awake to find that, under the *pretence of securing the interests of the monarchy*, things had happened which the nation abhors as it does damnation.

I do not speak so because I have forebodings; it is not my object to enter into questions of principles. I don't want to quote the sad pages of our own history, nor the examples of Polignac or MacMahon, to show that it has always been so; and that there has never been any impiety without the reigning power invoking interests of State when committing it. But as we stand in view of the danger of Russian extension, I pray my countrymen to look for that page of history where they will see it written, *how the Viennese cabinet understands the securing of the interests of the monarchy when face to face with Russian aggressive policy!* This has such an actuality of interest that I nearly shudder when I think of it.

Whoever looks at those pages must feel convinced *that the Viennese cabinet never did understand the securing of the interests of the monarchy so that the Russian extension should not be permitted;*

*it but so understood them as that whenever the Russians commit robbery, Austria must rob as well,—that when Russia extends herself, Austria ought to do the same.*

So, I repeat for the third time, it understood them at the division of Poland, and so it has understood them ever since, without exception, when face to face with the Russian policy of extension.

This is an awful remembrance.

And this they call the policy of restoring the equilibrium!

And what has history said of that awful policy? I do not speak even of morals, of honesty—which is always the best policy in the end, though it was a long time ago struck out of the vocabulary of diplomacy. I point to facts.

By this policy the Russian power has been swollen to giant-like proportions, which now menace the whole world. The consequence of this policy is the war of today, and Russia now smooths her way, through the Turkish "Slavonic cause," to the Hungarian and Austrian "Slavonic cause."

On the other hand, this policy of sharing has not saved the Austrian dynasty from withering. Russia has grown up; Austria has dwindled.

And what will be the result if the Vienna cabinet should again follow this damnable policy of expediency?

In the past it has put a razor in the hand of Russia; now it would put this razor to the throat of Hungary, and also of Austria.

*"Duo cum faciunt idem, non est idem."*

There can be no doubt that what the Russians would rob from the Turks, what their influence would win on both shores of the lower Danube and on the Balkan peninsula, would form a real increase of their power, an augmentation of their strength; and the influence thus acquired would act upon the Slavonians of the Austrian empire, and upon those of the Hungarian crown, like the loadstone on iron. Those Slavonians that would be caught by Russia, she would take with her.

On the contrary, what the Viennese cabinet would pilfer, under the shadow of the Russian highwayman, from the Turkish empire, would only weaken us, and become eventually our death; because it would eternally multiply and put into further fermentation all the already fermenting and dissolving elements. The Slavonians who would be caught by the Viennese cabinet would take the latter with them.

And what would be the infallible final

result? The punishment of *talio*. If St. Petersburg and Vienna should divide the rags of the torn Turkish empire, twenty-five years would not elapse before the Russians, the Prussians, and the Italians would divide Austria and Hungary among themselves, perhaps leaving something of the booty to Wallachia, as the reward of subserviency to Russia. This is as true as that there is a God.

Well, I feel no call to be anxious about the dismemberment of Austria, if free nations might step into her place; but I do feel it my duty to be anxious about a dissolution by which Russian power and Russian influence would be increased. I feel it so much my duty, that if our fatherland were connected with Austria only by the ties of good-neighborly friendship, and if Austria were threatened by the Russians, I would most determinedly say to my countrymen, "Defend thy Austrian neighbor to the last drop of thy blood against Russia," just as I say now, "Defend thy Turkish neighbor to the last drop of thy blood against Russia."

The reigning dynasty of Austria must reckon with the logic of history. A time may come—it must come—when her German provinces will go home. Well, well, I say: the royal throne of the palace at Buda is a very glorious seat. It will be good to think about how, after its thousand years' history, it may not be menaced by the Russian monster—neither in the form of a boa-constrictor, nor in that of an hundred-armed polypus. The time is come to think of it, now that the Turkish lion is fighting his life or death struggle so gloriously. Let us not lose the opportunity. "*Sero medicina paratur.*" "Mene! Mene! Tekel! Upharsin!"

I do not say that the Hungarian government has given itself up to the impulses of robbery, I say only, that this is not excluded from the "scheme." This vampire sits on its bed, on its chest, on its arms. Shake off the vampire, I say. *Free your arms, and step at the head of the nation.* It is a glorious place. In such a great crisis it is a very small ambition to aim, by the cleverly construed phrase of "taking notice," at getting a vote of confidence from your party. You should act so that the confidence of the whole nation should surround you. You can do it. You should adopt the policy that has been pointed at by the whole nation. You should not contradict yourselves, for you said that your *hands were free*.

To the representatives of the nation I

would like to cry out from my remote solitary place, "The fatherland is in danger,—in such danger as it has never been in before, viewing the irrevocability of the consequences. Then let the fatherland not be made a party question among yourselves, my countrymen! Let the genius of reconciliation hover over you when you stand arm in arm around the altar of our fatherland. I do not ask you to upset the government, but I beg of you to place it in such a situation that its stability would be guaranteed by the fulfilment of the nation's wishes. *The action of Servia has supplied you with an opportunity which answers even diplomatical considerations.* Don't let this occasion escape you."

The fulfilment of the nation's will is the purest loyalty. I say so—I, who never yield. It is true I do not like the Austrian eagle in our fatherland. But I wish not that this eagle should be consumed in flame by the Russian; and I shudder at the thought that Hungary may be the funeral stake.

I am a very old man. I long ago overstepped the line assigned by Scripture as the limit to human life. Who knows whether this be not my last word? May it not be the voice of one who cries in the desert!

#### ERICA.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

#### XIII.

FRAULEIN MOLLY.

WHEN Erica returned, she found old Christine in the greatest excitement, and was received with a torrent of reproaches. In self-defence she related the rescue of the child, but the old servant was not inclined to be softened. She, Christine, could not see why Fräulein Erica need run after the robber; there were certainly people enough in Waldbad to bring back stolen children. But when she discovered the Fräulein's absence, she had instantly made up her mind that the latter would be senseless enough to run into the dark forest, which, apart from all other dangers, was not at all proper for a young lady.

Christel rarely used the title of "Fräulein," except when she was angry with

her; it was a sort of declaration of war, and Erica saw, from the frequent repetition of the word, how much she had angered the old servant. She was, however, so utterly exhausted in body and mind by her exertions and excitement, as for the moment to be unable to put Christel into a better humor. She could scarcely undress herself, and the old woman, who perceived this, helped her, and though muttering and grumbling, put her to bed as carefully as a child.

The next morning every shade of anger had vanished from Christel's brow. Erica, from her windows, even heard her giving an attentive neighbor a full account of her young mistress's heroic deed. There were many portions of the story which Erica could not remember, but Christel related them with most convincing positiveness, and the listener smiled with still greater amusement, when Christel wound up by repeatedly assuring the neighbor that there was not another person in all Waldbad, except "our Erica," who under such circumstances would have succeeded in bringing back the stolen child. The following day the events of the night were the universal topic of conversation, both to the inhabitants of Waldbad and the summer visitors. The few persons who had gone to bed early the evening before, and therefore not been excited themselves, learned with amazement and some little regret the minutest details of the story, perhaps with considerable amplification.

Elmar's deed, in the mouths of the young girls, became an act of heroism which surrounded his brow with a halo of glory, and made him an object of the most intense interest to all the fair sex in Waldbad. Erica, on the other hand, of whose very existence most of the young men had hitherto been ignorant, occupied their thoughts with equal suddenness, and was declared a famous little girl, worthy of the greatest attention.

The giant Andreas, though he had also been very active in the liberation of the child, attracted little notice from society, and was forced to be satisfied with being the hero of all the woodcutters and fishermen in the neighborhood. He, however, was perfectly contented with his modest share of fame, as well as the liberal gifts of the brother and sister, which enabled him to gratify all his moderate wishes, build a little house, and marry his Anne Marie.

Frau von Hohenstädt seemed so ill that the news of Erica's adventure was broken to her very cautiously, and even this slight

outline of the events produced such an exhausting effect upon her as to make every one very anxious all day. Perhaps, however, this diversion of her thoughts to some other subject was fortunate for Erica, since it aided her to more rapidly regain the composure of mind which had been somewhat shaken by the events of the night.

Late in the afternoon she saw from her window Valentin, the liveried footman, ascending the hill that led to the house, heard him exchange a few words with Christine, and then noticed that he handed her a letter. She had just time to regain her composure, at least outwardly, when the old servant entered the room.

The note was addressed to Erica, and when she unfolded the sheet her eyes rested for the first time on Elmar's handwriting.

"These lines must inform Fräulein Erica that both sister and brother are for the moment unable to express their thanks in person. Kathinka is not allowed to leave her bed to-day, and the doctor, on account of my slight wound, has ordered me to remain in my room for the present. Our preserver therefore must not be angry with us if we delay our visit and cannot tell her, until some future time, how deeply we are indebted to her."

This was the whole of the letter, which aroused a feeling somewhat akin to disappointment. She scarcely knew herself what she had expected, but a slight shade of coldness seemed to pervade the lines. The danger incurred together during the previous night had made Elmar appear like an intimate acquaintance, nay, friend, and now she felt as if the letter had been written from the standpoint he had previously taken towards her. A shade of bitterness even mingled with her thoughts, when she said to herself that they would come to express their thanks, and in so doing think the affair settled and then trouble themselves no more about her.

Her eyes remained fixed mechanically upon the sheet of paper, and she gave herself up to her thoughts so long that her invalid mother noticed it.

"Have you received any bad news, child, that you look at that letter so mournfully?" she asked gently.

Erica started, and handing the sheet to her mother, said somewhat evasively, —

"I don't think the news so bad. The princess is of course a little exhausted by her agitation, and her brother's wound is said to be slight."

The old lady read the note with some

difficulty. When she came to the signature, her features expressed surprise, and she asked almost eagerly, "Altenborn? Am I right, Altenborn?"

"Yes, mamma, that is the name."

"And from what part of the country is this Baron von Altenborn?"

"I don't know exactly. I heard that his estates were not far from the frontiers of France."

The invalid again took the letter and read it attentively, then turned to her daughter.

"How does it happen that this young man calls you *Fräulein Erica*, how does he know your Christian name?"

Erica blushed crimson. "I really don't know, mamma," she stammered in great embarrassment, "he has always called me so."

"Always called you so? Then you have seen him often. You told me about the beautiful princess and her little son, but, so far as I am aware, never mentioned her brother."

Erica was fortunately spared a reply, for the doctor entered the room to visit the invalid. This time he seemed less disposed to inquire after the health of his patient than to tell her his own experiences, and gave a most circumstantial report of the princess's condition, the baron's wound, and the undisturbed health enjoyed by little Carlos in spite of his alarm. He had probably already done this in twenty houses, and intended to carry his news to twenty more, for he had scarcely finished his story when he rose, recommended his patient to keep perfectly quiet, and hastily glided out of the room.

The latter was only too well aware that medical aid, far from curing, could scarcely alleviate her disease, to feel offended by her physician's partial sympathy for the health of others. Besides the repose recommended was an imperious necessity, for the invalid, exhausted by reading the short letter, as well as by the doctor's visit, leaned back on her couch, and remained motionless for nearly three hours.

The next day brought the old lady somewhat better health, and Erica could leave her for a short time to take her usual walk. According to an old habit, she directed her steps towards the sea, and soon reached the shore, which at this time was deserted and lonely. Only two persons were strolling up and down, in whom she soon recognized *Fräulein Molly* and Herr von Wehlen. On making this discovery, Erica was strongly tempted to turn back, but she

had already been seen, and besides, she surely had no cause to fear the man's glances of hate.

But she did not encounter any. On the contrary, Wehlen spoke to her kindly, almost cordially, and paid her heroic courage the most extravagant compliments, while Molly stood beside him like a statue, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. When he took leave of the ladies, she looked up, gazed steadily into his face, then nodded slightly, and said in a tone of mockery, —

"The *ladies* wish you a great deal of pleasure on your lonely walk." Then, much to Erica's surprise, she passed her hand through her arm, and drew the astonished girl away, walking quickly forward until one of the undulations of the down concealed them from Wehlen's eyes, when she paused, and covering her face with her hands, exclaimed in a trembling voice, —

"It is true. Oh God, it is true!"

Erica stood beside her in the greatest perplexity, and as she naturally imagined the remark referred to Wehlen and his supposed share in the robbery, answered quickly, —

"So you are also convinced of it? I have not the slightest doubt."

Molly removed her hands from her eyes and stared at the young girl. "So this child already knows," she murmured, "the sparrows have twittered it from the roofs, and I, I alone was blind and believed in love and faith."

"What are you talking about, *Fräulein Molly*?" asked Erica timidly.

"What am I talking about, child? Of the old love that is ever new, of feigned love, of — pshaw!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting herself, and tossing her head impatiently. "Is it not the same deception that is practised upon wealthy heiresses whom men woo for their millions, while they seem to adore their persons? What do you think, Erica, should not I too be admired, idolized by all the world, if I possessed a million?"

"Certainly," replied Erica frankly.

Molly laughed a hard, dry laugh, which made Erica shrink. "Well, you see, child, unfortunately I don't have these millions, and am therefore the insignificant, unnoticed companion of the Princess Bagadoff. So insignificant that the haughty lady, I fear, only raised me to this enviable position in order to feel safe in her own house at least, and be able to close the Argus eyes with which she watches over her brother's heart."

"Her brother's heart?" The words had escaped Erica's lips before she realized what she was saying, but as they were now spoken she had the courage to add, "What do you mean by that, Fräulein Molly?"

"It is very simple," said Molly, with her former strange laugh. "The princess is jealous of this adored brother's love, and tries every means to guard his heart from cherishing an affection for any other woman. Perhaps this love is also a little tainted by the egotism common to all, who knows?"

She uttered the last words in a loud, scornful tone, which made them all the more incomprehensible to Erica, who looked into the speaker's face with such an inquiring expression, that the latter continued, —

"You don't understand me, child. Of course, how should you? Wait a few years and see. You are poor, like me, and have as small a share of beauty; it will not be long ere life enlightens you about all these things. You do not desire the explanation, as I see by those pouting lips. No one desires it, child, but fate does not inquire about our wishes. Come, sit here on the down, I will tell you my story."

"My parents' were rich and aristocratic, and — as the old muses say — no one sung beside my cradle that I should ever be obliged to earn my bread. Our house was always thronged with visitors, and everybody flattered 'the charming little Molly.' Perhaps the expensive mode of living might have encroached upon my parents' property, which was still farther diminished by various misfortunes. Friends became fewer, flatterers to little Molly rarer, and when at last my father and mother both died within a very few days of each other, leaving scarcely enough to pay their debts, my relatives — at my guardian's earnest entreaty — were obliged to take me into their house."

"The charming *little* Molly must have probably become a very unattractive *great* Molly, for I was neglected by every one, and always felt in other people's way. My beautiful, or rather wealthy cousins so completely outshone me, that most of the visitors at the house were scarcely aware of my presence, and as the role of Cinderella seemed exactly adapted to me in every particular, one could scarcely blame my aunt for allotting it to me."

"In this situation, it seemed like a deliverance when, two years ago, the Princess Bagadoff offered me the position of

companion. At first I could scarcely understand this great kindness, but soon perceived that my repulsive, rather than my attractive qualities, had recommended me to her."

"This lady is the very incarnation of selfishness, which in her has reached the height of developing into a certain degree of ingenuousness, and therefore never draws her into any contention with the outside world; but she understands only her *own* rights, not those of others, and so her acts — in this respect — are never vacillating, while her ordinary conduct, which is dependent solely on caprice, and regulated only by her own arbitrary will, seems doubly so. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that these whims can be controlled or guided by apparent submission. She instinctively feels even the most covert assault upon her independent sovereignty, and defeats it with victorious swiftness and certainty."

"Her almost adoring love for her boy is only one of the forms into which this egotism has crystallized. She loves in him her expanded self, the continuation of her own existence, and moreover has the advantage of convincing herself and others of her exemplary virtue, her wonderful maternal affection, and would think it perfectly natural if she were called a pattern for all other women. Must not all who surround her be delighted with the labor this rare maternal love imposes upon them? Can *her* sweet boy be a burden to any one? Certainly not, and only she herself — owing to her nervous sensibility — sometimes feels this burden and gets rid of it as quickly as possible."

"If the baron is correct in his assertion, and the child's father is really the originator of the intended abduction, he has been skilful enough to hit upon the only spot where he could wound her. Poor little Carlos — who is always used as a shield to cover his mother's wishes — might perhaps have fared better, if he had really been removed to the barren steppes of Russia. The father's hatred would perhaps have been more beneficial to him than the mother's love, which corrupts and poisons his mind, and will make him the most miserable, contemptible of egotists."

"I am not personally acquainted with the prince, but if, as they say, at the time of the divorce — which occurred a few years ago — the whole blame was thrown upon him, and the child given to the mother, while the father was denied any right to the possession of the boy, the judges acted like short-sighted men, who formed

their opinions solely by appearances. The prince may be rough and inconsiderate, and have treated his wife accordingly, but even the gentlest and most yielding man would have been roused to fury by such a nature.

"The brother of this estimable sister, who since the divorce has enjoyed the happiness of sheltering her in his castle, has undoubtedly for this sole reason, cultivated the calmness natural to him until it has become a fine art. I do not understand what induces him to show his sister so much consideration—it certainly is not love—but I know he does it, and most earnestly endeavors to avoid an open quarrel. How long he will succeed I cannot tell, I only know that, in spite of everything he can do to prevent it, this breach will, must come.

"In spite of the princess's touching affection for little Carlos, notwithstanding that she lives only for and in her child, she squanders with lavish hands the large property which the prince was forced to settle on her and the boy.

"If the point in question is the gratification of any of her whims, she has no consideration and throws away sums entirely out of proportion, both to the object to be gained and her own means. If I am not greatly mistaken, little Carlos has already been robbed of a portion of his patrimony by his affectionate mother, and I am equally mistaken if the large possessions of her brother are not destined to repair the breaches.

"This brother's marriage would therefore be inopportune in every respect, and as he himself is narrow-minded enough not to perceive it, his careful sister is obliged to take the trouble of mounting guard over him. For this reason she desires at least to have repose when they are at Castle Altenborn, and therefore must employ a particularly unattractive companion. True, there are other ladies at the castle, Baron von Altenborn's grand-mamma and her companion, but as the latter is sixty years old there is no danger of any assault upon the heart of the young master of the house.

"It was somewhat humiliating for me when I made this discovery; but I had been accustomed to so many mortifications for years, that I soon became reconciled, and even tried to turn the circumstance to my own advantage by making myself so extremely unattractive, that I believe I really became almost insupportable to the good baron, but convinced the princess of the advantage of my presence.

It was only by causing her to feel that I was indispensable, that I could, in some degree, control her whims and compel her to treat me decently.

"Poverty is seldom beneficial to the character, Erica. A poor woman lives on a war footing with society, which denies her the barest necessities; and war has stern laws, the morality of smiling peace would lead to utter destruction."

The speaker paused and gazed thoughtfully at the ground, then after a long silence continued: "Let me finish my story. For two years I lived in this way, if not happily at least comfortably, and desired no change in my fate, because I was convinced that it must result to my disadvantage. Then we came here—"

Again Molly paused and cast down her eyes, as she continued softly, in words that seemed to have very little connection with the last sentence. "Wehlen was the only man who ever showed any attention to me. What marvel was it if he won my heart, if I dreamed of a happy future? The dream has vanished, leaving naught save the bitterness of the illusion.

"Do not shed tears for me, Erica!" she continued, in a loud, passionate tone. "I am only atoning for my sin. How could I forget that I was unlovely? how could I be such a fool as to suppose I had really won the heart of that man, who has travelled over all Europe, and seen the beauties of every country? I ought to have known that nothing but motives of interest could attract him to me, and the knowledge would have put me on the track. So perhaps the princess was right in the torrent of reproaches, though not the insults, with which she loaded me before the whole company, and I forgive her.

"A parting from her, however, is no less unavoidable. For the sake of my own self-respect I cannot expose myself to another such scene, and, besides, the princess will not conquer her distrust of me, so the relation can no longer be maintained on either side."

"Does the princess know that Herr von Wehlen is the real robber?" asked Erica in surprise.

"Oh, no! she would scarcely believe it, and it is better so, for she would allow impulse to urge her on to the wildest conduct. There is no danger that the attempt will be repeated. The fairy castle is to be watched day and night by men in the princess's pay, and besides Herr von Wehlen just told me that he had received important letters which required his imme-

diate departure." Molly's voice trembled as she uttered the last words, and it was possibly to conceal her emotion, that she continued with scornful bitterness, —

"Herr von Wehlen intends to pay her Highness a farewell visit; the beautiful woman will take a gracious leave of him, and as he has too much tact to remind her of the existence of the companion who has now fallen into disgrace, and yet does not wish to be uncivil, he has just made his adieux to me on the beach. We, too, shall leave here very soon; the princess has become uneasy, and — Molly Sassnitz will once more rove over the world, a leaf whirled about at the mercy of the wind. Whither it will take me I know not."

She paused, and Erica did not interrupt the silence. She was reflecting upon what she had heard. The tale, however, was not so painful and disappointing to her as it would have been a few days before. The halo which had surrounded the beautiful, aristocratic lady had already received a crushing blow during the scene witnessed the night before.

What had this woman, half insane with grief, in common with the tall, beautiful vision which had seemed to be supported so gracefully, and yet so firmly, by its own strength? Would, ought a really noble spirit to allow its self-control to be destroyed to such an extent, even by the greatest misfortune? Must not her cheeks forever burn with shame at the disgraceful recollection that she had charged the boy's preserver, her own brother, with having stolen him? Erica had been put to flight by the humiliation the princess had brought upon herself by this unjust accusation. When Molly now rose, she also sprang up, and holding out her hand, said cordially, —

"I thank you for your confidence, Fräulein Molly. I will not abuse it, nor shall your story fail to bear fruit. It has shown me how many false appearances are produced by ignorance and short-sightedness, and the lesson will not be lost. I will pray to God for your future happiness, and you must do so too, Fräulein Molly, then you will no longer feel like a leaf borne along at the mercy of the wind, you will know that the storm can play no tricks with you."

Molly threw her arms around Erica's neck, and laid her head upon her shoulder. "I am very miserable, Erica," she murmured, weeping. "Pray for me. I should only utter the petition with my lips; my heart is cold and dead, even the thought of God cannot warm it."

She raised her head, kissed Erica on

the forehead, and then walked quickly away without another word.

Erica went slowly home, reflecting on what she had heard, and adding thread to thread to bridge over the many gaps in her knowledge. She also thought of her conversation with Elmar, and his strange comparison, which she had imagined referred to Wehlen. Now she thought she knew that he had alluded to his sister, but could have given no reason why the idea sent the blood to her cheeks, and crimsoned them with burning blushes.

## XIV.

## THE VISIT.

JUST after Erica had left home to have her momentous conversation with Molly, Christine rushed into the invalid's room in the greatest excitement. Her movements betrayed such unusual haste and agitation, that the sick lady started up in alarm, but before she could ask a question Christine exclaimed, —

"Here is the servant who brought the letter yesterday. The princess wants to call on you, and is already coming up the hill with the little prince."

An expression of by no means pleasurable surprise flitted across the invalid's features. "I am very ill-prepared to receive visitors, and Erica is not at home. Go and meet the lady and ask her to excuse me, Christine."

"But you surely won't send the princess away?" cried Christine in astonishment. In the agitation caused by the visit, the old servant seemed to have entirely forgotten her usual anxiety for the invalid.

"The princess will not be inclined to talk to a sick woman, so go, Christine."

The old woman, shaking her head, hurried down the steps of the veranda and advanced towards the princess. Katharina, accompanied by her son and his nurse, was already quite near, while the liveried Valentin waited close to the house, eyeing its dilapidated appearance with somewhat contemptuous glances.

Christel, however, did not vouchsafe to give him her answer, but hurried towards the princess who was slowly approaching, and explained in the most circumstantial manner the combination of unlucky circumstances which would render it impossible to receive her visit. Katharina was evidently not inclined to let her plan be thwarted so easily, she turned towards the nurse — who for the moment occupied Fräulein Molly's place — and asked, —

"Does the woman want to tell us that the daughter has gone out, and the mother is ill, or have I misunderstood her."

"Your Highness has understood correctly," replied the nurse, with a smile by no means flattering to Christine.

"Well, now we are here, we will see the sick lady a moment, that cannot possibly do her any harm. Go on, my good woman, and show us the way."

Christine looked at the speaker in some little perplexity, and hesitated, but the princess, in spite of this reluctance, continued her way so quietly, that the lady's firmness must have intimidated the old servant, for she now approached the veranda.

The invalid was extremely surprised and very indignant, when Christine suddenly threw open both folding-doors—she knew what was proper, as she always assured all the neighbors—and the princess entered the room. She cast a reproving look at the old servant, which seemed to crush her, but she hastily whispered to her mistress that the lady insisted upon coming in, and then placed a chair for her.

Frau von Hohenstädt quietly waited until her guest had approached near enough to hear her feeble voice, and then said politely, but in spite of the faint tone in which she was compelled to speak, very resolutely,—

"As the Princess Bagadoff has not heeded my request that she would permit me to decline her visit, she must not be angry if I do not come forward to receive my guest. My weakness will not permit me to do so."

"How sorry I am to find you so ill, my dear Frau von Hohenstädt," said Katharina with the most winning cordiality, as she seated herself. "I really could not allow myself to be sent away, as I think you will soon feel, since we have so many things to discuss."

"To discuss?" asked the old lady in astonishment.

"And so this is the house, the room, in which our dear Erica has hitherto spent her life. How deeply all this moves me; how much value the simplest thing acquires when it belongs to those who are dear to us!"

"You are right in the broadest sense of the words, your Highness, we can love even inanimate objects, and thus ugly things may become dear."

"You have mountain-ash trees before the door, I see. What a beautiful red the berries turn, only unfortunately the color announces the approach of autumn. In

Russia my cook made an excellent jelly of these berries, but I can't have it here, no German or French cook knows the receipt."

"You ought to send to Russia for it," replied the invalid with a faint smile.

"I suppose the picture over your sofa is a portrait of dear Erica, when she was a child?"

"No, it is my eldest daughter, who died when only eight years old."

"How very sad! Have you any other children?"

"I had five, but God has left me only Erica."

"I was told that your maiden name was Kroneck, perhaps you are related to the Kronecks of Falkenhausen?"

"They are my cousins," replied the invalid with evident coldness, and then added in the same tone, "I must beg your Highness to drop this subject, it pains and agitates me."

Katharina looked at the speaker in astonishment. "There are quarrels in every large family," she answered carelessly, "one ought not to be disturbed by them. But to come to the object of my visit, I see I can for the present express my gratitude for my little Carlos's rescue only to Erica's mother."

"I must not accept your thanks," replied the invalid with a sad smile. "It was very much against my will that Erica undertook the hazardous enterprise, and if I had known of it, I should certainly have forbidden her to do so."

The princess's cheek flushed crimson, and her restless eyes flashed angrily. "You are jesting, madame. You cannot possibly mean to say that you would not have prevented a most shameful act of villainy."

"In so far as it was to be prevented by my daughter's assistance, most assuredly I do. The fortunate result of her adventure is a great mercy, for which we ought to offer fervent thanks to God, but which we could not possibly expect. A woman who has lost everything except this one daughter, must possess more than human generosity to be willing to sacrifice her jewel, even for so great a prize."

Katharina rose and went to the window. Her eyes wandered restlessly over the scene, and it was not until after a long pause that she turned back into the room, and again approached the invalid.

"Really, madame," she began, in a tone of almost mocking courtesy, "you are so extremely frank that I could not at first find words to answer."

"I am surprised, your Highness," replied the invalid quietly. "A lady whose maternal love is so greatly lauded, ought to think my statement so natural that any assurance to the contrary would appear like hypocrisy."

"We who belong to the fashionable world are so accustomed to the constant hypocrisy of politeness, that any different treatment must always seem somewhat singular."

"I thank you for the information, princess. You teach me the peculiar advantages of my secluded life."

Katharina, who had not resumed her seat, but remained standing before her companion, once more went to the window to look at the view, and then paced up and down the room again, while the invalid, whose nerves could endure neither noise nor restlessness, leaned back in her chair, and by the involuntary expressions of pain that flitted over her face betrayed the torture this constant bustle inflicted. The rustling sound made by Katharina's long silk dress, as it swept over the floor, at last became so unendurable that she touched the bell standing beside her, to summon the servant. The princess, startled by the unexpected sound, paused in the centre of the room, while Christine opened the door and rushed up to her mistress.

"I am ill," whispered the latter faintly; "take me to my room. The princess will excuse me."

Katharina must have had very quick ears, for she had caught the murmured words, and hastily approaching the sick woman, said quickly, "I deeply regret this indisposition, but nevertheless must insist upon having a moment's audience. The servant can stay in the next room and come in presently."

But Christine did not allow herself to be intimidated by the authoritative manner. Her mistress's pale face destroyed all her reverence for the aristocratic lady, and she paid no attention to her commands, but looked inquiringly at the invalid.

"Go, Christine," murmured the latter, "the princess, in consideration of my health, will doubtless make her communication in as few words as possible."

This, however, did not seem to be the case, for Christine had already obeyed the command and left the room, and yet Katharina did not utter a syllable, but on the contrary seemed inclined to continue her promenade. At last she controlled her restlessness, stood close beside the invalid, and began with almost incoherent haste,—

"As you will not accept my thanks, I won't trouble you with them; but you must at least permit me to do all that lies in my power for our guardian angel, Erica. Fräulein von Sassnitz, my companion, is about to leave my house for various reasons. I therefore offer the position to Erica, and hope her mother will make no objection. Erica will thus have an opportunity to enter society, and in a position which will procure for her all the advantages she unfortunately lacks at home. True, I am aware that she now possesses neither the accomplishments nor the familiarity with the forms of society which I can and must expect from my companion, but she is a dear and, I think, bright child, and therefore will soon acquire what she lacks. I myself will do all in my power to train her, and when in a few years I bring her back, you will be astonished to see into what a beautiful flower the little heather blossom has bloomed."

Katharina paused and gazed eagerly at the invalid, who was leaning back in her chair perfectly motionless, and apparently unsympathizing. A pause ensued, which the princess, in her impatience, soon interrupted, for she continued,—

"Well, you do not reply. I think my proposal was at least worth an answer. I suppose it will be hard for you to part with your only child, but true maternal love thinks only of the child's happiness, and is ready to make every sacrifice."

"Certainly, your Highness," replied the invalid in a faint voice, making an effort to sit upright in her chair. "But do you think it can be for Erica's happiness to leave her mother in a condition in which every hour, every moment, death stands beside her couch, and threatens to deal the final blow?"

"He menaces those in health also, Frau von Hohenstädt, it is the universal lot of men. And even granting that you are nearer your end than we, ought you not therefore to think solely of providing for your daughter's future, ought you —"

An almost imperious gesture from the invalid suddenly silenced Katharina, who noticed the change in her companion with a vague sense of fear. The latter now sat erect in her chair, and her voice sounded full and clear as she replied.

"My life here has been devoted solely to the one purpose of securing Erica's future, and I can say without boasting, that I have done everything in my power. But to send my daughter, the only treasure fate has left me, away from my death-bed, is

beyond my strength, beyond the strength of any human being, and therefore God will not demand the sacrifice. I place my child's future in his hand, and rely on him alone, for I have learned the perishableness of all earthly things, and that mortals, even the richest and most powerful, can never offer any security for the future."

"In that case, madame, I can do no more," replied Katharina coldly. "You rudely reject every attempt to show my gratitude, and if I were as selfish as the majority of people unfortunately are, I should rejoice that in this way every sacrifice was spared me. But on the contrary I am grieved to be unable to do anything for Erica, and, to justify myself to her, shall be compelled to tell her that her mother alone prevents any tangible expression of my gratitude."

She was silent, and looked at the invalid as if awaiting a reply. But the latter lay in her chair with closed eyes, so rigid and motionless, that Katharina suddenly trembled at the thought that she might be dead. Seizing the bell on the table, she rang it so violently that Christine rushed into the room in great alarm.

"Look to your mistress, my good woman," cried Katharina anxiously; "see if she is dead, or only fainting."

"Merciful God! what has happened?" shrieked Christine, rushing up to the invalid's chair. Bending over her, she listened to her faint almost inaudible breathing, and the almost equally imperceptible beating of her heart. When convinced that only a fainting fit, not death had attacked her mistress, she again stood erect, and without the slightest vestige of respect in her manner, said in a loud, stern voice, —

"The princess can now see for herself how much mischief she has done by her visit. My mistress ordered me to send you away; but how is a poor servant to prevent any whim a great lady takes into her head? If any intruder comes to the well, I can scold and drive him away, but I can't possibly get rid of a princess who forces herself into the house. If this is the way aristocratic people express their thanks for having their little princes saved from robbers, our Erica had better not tire herself out the next time, but leave it to others."

Katharina was at first fairly petrified by the unexpected assault, but afterwards seemed amused by the comicality of Christine's wrath. At last she laughed aloud, and would perhaps have wholly forgotten

the fainting woman, had not Christine, spite of her torrent of words, hastily applied all the remedies at hand. She untied her cap-ribbons, opened her dress, sprinkled water in her face and rubbed her temples with some restorative. Katharina's laugh irritated her beyond endurance, and she burst forth again, —

"I see nothing ridiculous here. Perhaps great ladies have other ideas of amusement, we poor people don't laugh when we see a fainting woman, but rush forward to help, especially when it is our own fault."

"Enough, my good woman!" said Katharina, not without dignity. "Your conduct is well suited to excite my mirth, since it is beneath my anger. Here is a gold piece for you, it shall make amends. I am sincerely sorry for your mistress' illness, but my visit cannot possibly have had the slightest connection with it. I will send my servant to help you carry the sick lady to her bed."

"I'll take the gold piece, for it will enable me to get my poor mistress many a comfort without her suspecting it. But as for the help of yonder liveried gentleman, who is standing outside turning up his nose at our house, I thank you kindly, but I can do without it."

"As you choose, my good woman. But as you intend to make such good use of the money, I will empty my purse in your hand. Your mistress seems too ill to trouble herself about the source of your expenditures, or perhaps even notice them. So get whatever she needs, and if you want more, come to me."

"I thank you, Frau Princess. I'll spend it to the very best of my ability," said the old woman, deeply moved, as Katharina poured a shower of gold into her apron. This seemed to restore peace between the contending parties, and Christine even accompanied the princess to the door of the adjoining room, where little Carlos and his nurse were waiting, but hastily returned to her mistress, took the lifeless figure in her arms as if she had been a child, and carried her to bed.

Meantime Katharina descended the steps of the veranda, thinking to herself. "Like master, like man," is an old proverb, and I can't wonder at the comical rudeness of the maid, but on the contrary easily understand why poor little Erica possesses so few attractions. Carlos, however, does not notice such things yet, and loves her in spite of her defects, and I will therefore do everything in my power to have her with me. If the mother does

soon, which is to be expected, I can gain my point without any difficulty, and thus put the girl under obligations to me for life.

When Erica returned home, Christel gave her a full account of the visit that had just been received. The princess's gold piece had greatly softened the old woman, and she therefore allowed Erica to suppose that her mother's prolonged fainting fit had been caused by an unfortunate accident, rather than actual want of consideration on the part of the lady. The invalid had now regained her consciousness, but Erica dared not go into her room, as she required the most perfect rest and quiet.

The next morning Frau von Hohenstädt felt well enough to see her daughter. She called Erica to her bedside, feebly motioned to her to sit down beside her couch, and then began in a low tone,—

"Princess Bagadoff was here yesterday, Erica. From gratitude for the service rendered to her boy, she has offered you the position of companion, which is made vacant by Fräulein Sassnitz' departure. I, however, declined it in your name, for—good heavens, what is the matter, Erica?" exclaimed the invalid in alarm, "you are as pale as death."

Erica's change of color was indeed so remarkable, her agitation so unmistakable, that she could not conceal it. She stammered a somewhat incoherent explanation, but her mother scarcely heeded her words. She gazed lovingly into her daughter's face, and said gently, "How can you suppose, child, that I would let you leave me, you who are the sole joy of my life?"

Erica fell on her knees beside her mother's bed, and throwing her arms around her, whispered with suppressed sobs, "My dear, dear mother, my home is with you."

The invalid smiled mournfully, and gently stroked her daughter's silken hair. "Calm yourself, Erica, you shall not leave your home yet. At the same time, I will frankly tell you that I do not like your princess. Apart from all other considerations, I would not consent to have you dependent upon this woman. Promise me, Erica, never to become Princess Bagadoff's companion."

The young girl gazed into her mother's face with an expression of mingled astonishment and inquiry, but when she perceived that the invalid's eyes rested upon her in anxious suspense, answered gently, "I promise, mamma."

"Thank you, my dear child. We will discuss this subject more fully in a few

days; I am not strong enough to do so now."

"What more is there to say, mamma?" asked Erica, again surprised.

"Many things, my daughter," replied the invalid, in a low, sad tone. Then she again passed her hand lovingly over the hair of her unsuspecting child, and said wearily,—

"Leave me now, Erica. Perhaps God will send me the sleep I have not had all night."

When Erica entered the sitting-room, she went to the window and gazed steadily out of doors. It was the same one through which Katharina's glances had roved over the landscape the day before. The young girl's large, dreamy eyes, which rested mechanically on the various objects without, formed a striking contrast to the flickering light of the elder woman's restless looks. Erica stood motionless, absorbed in her own thoughts, but the changing expression of her features revealed that her reverie was a sad one. Now and then a sigh escaped her lips, and at last tears sprang to her eyes, which, as they rolled slowly down her cheeks, roused the dreamer to a sense of her situation. She hastily wiped them away with her handkerchief, and tried to remove the treacherous traces, then raised her head with an air of mingled grief and defiance, saying aloud,—

"I will never allow myself to be forced into a state of war."

She started at her own words, moved away from the window, went to the mirror, and gazed into it long and earnestly. She was so absorbed in watching her own image in the glass, that she did not notice Christine, who paused on the threshold in astonishment. The old servant's exclamation recalled her wandering thoughts. She nodded gaily to her, and then stepping directly in front of the amazed Christine, said almost solemnly,—

"Am I very ugly, Christine?"

"Good gracious, Erica, what nonsense!"

"I see I am very ugly, Christel," laughed Erica. "But," she added gravely, "do you think that people are loved only for their beauty?"

"If that were so, Erica, our good pastor would not be loved. It would hardly be possible to see an uglier man, and yet everybody knows he is an angel in human form."

"Yes, that is true," said Erica, in the same grave tone. "I too will try to be an angel in human form, help, counsel and save like my noble teacher, then people will love me and forget my ugly face."

## WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

## ST. MICHAEL'S.

THE Abbey Church of St. Michael's stands on a low hill in a flat and fertile country. The holy places which are sacred to the great archangel seem to settle naturally upon a mount; and this, one of the noblest structures consecrated under his name, had all the effect of a very high elevation—so wide-spreading was the landscape round, so vast the sweep of plain, fields, and woods, great parks and commons, and gleaming white villages like ships at sea, which could be seen from its walls and terraces. Though the settlement was ecclesiastical, the place had been walled and defensible in the days when danger threatened wealth whatever form it assumed. Danger, however, had long been far from the thoughts of the dignified corporation which held its reverend court upon the hill. The Abbey was as splendid as any cathedral, and possessed a dean and chapter, though no bishop. It was of late Gothic, perpendicular and magnificent; and the walls and towers which still surrounded it, and even the old houses within the precincts, were older still than the Abbey, and could have furnished many "bits" to make the heart of a mediæval architect glad. The very turf which filed the quadrangle and clothed the slope of the Dean's Walk was a production of centuries; the chapter-house was full of historical documents, and the library of rare books; and there were antiquarian fanatics who protested that the wealthy living belonging to the Abbey, and its old endowments, were the least of its riches. Nor was this establishment on the hill confined to ecclesiastical interests only. The beautiful church was the chapel of an order of knighthood, and opposite to it—forming an integral part of the pile of building—was a line of small ancient houses, forming a kind of screen and inner wall of defence to the sacred citadel, which were the lodges of a supplementary order of pensioners—chevaliers of St. Michael— which at the time of the foundation had given such a balance as the Middle Ages loved, of Christian charity and help, to the splendor and braggadocio of the more glorious knights. Thus the little community which inhabited this noble old pile of buildings was varied and composite. The highest official in it was the costly and aristocratic dean, the lowest the lay clerks,

who were housed humbly in the shadow of the church in a little cloister of their own, and who daily filled the Abbey with the noblest music. The Deanery was at the east end of the abbey, and included the great tower which showed for miles round, with its lighted windows, rising up into the night. The canons' houses, if not equally fine, were still great old houses standing on the edge of the hill, their walls rising straight from the green slopes dotted with trees, round the foot of which a little red-roofed town had gathered; and the Abbey itself stood between those stately habitations and the humbler lodgers of the chevaliers, which shut off the lower level of sloping bank on the other side. The dean himself was of a great family, and belonged not only to the nobility, but higher still, to the most select circles of fashion, and had a noble wife and such a position in society as many a bishop envied; and among his canons were men, not only of family, but possessed of some mild links of connection with the worlds of learning and scholarship,—even it was said that one had writ a book in days when books were not so common. The minor canons were of humbler degree; they were the links between gods and men, so to speak, between the Olympus of the chapter and the common secular sphere below. We will not deceive the reader nor buoy him up with hopes that this history concerns the lofty fortunes of the members of that sacred and superior class. To no such distinction can these humble pages aspire; our office is of a lowlier kind. On Olympus the doings are all splendid, if not, as old chroniclers tell, much wiser than beneath amid the humbler haunts of men. All that we can do is to tell how these higher circles looked, to eyes gazing keenly upon them from the mullioned windows which gave a subdued light to the little rooms of the chevaliers' lodges on the southern side of St. Michael's Hill.

These lodges were two stories in height, with very small rooms and very solid masonry, little gardens in front of them, and a tower at each end. Many creeping plants clung about the old walls, and especially there were clouds of Virginia creeper, which made them glorious in autumn. It was, however, on a summer afternoon, at the time this history begins, that Lottie Despard—the only daughter of Captain Despard, a chevalier not very long appointed to that office—sat with her head out through the open window, framed between the mullions, watching the broad slope of the Dean's Walk which lay

between her and the church, and led to the Deanery and the heights beyond. The Deanery was at this moment the most important place in the world, not only to Lottie, but to many other spectators who thronged the slope beneath her window. For this day a great event had happened in St. Michael's. The dean's only daughter, Augusta Huntington, had been married that morning with all the pomp imaginable. It had been like a royal wedding, sumptuous in ritual, in music, and fine company; and now after taking a little repose during the time which the wedding-party spent at breakfast, the Abbey precincts were beginning to fill again with little groups, and all the people within to come to their windows, to see the bride and bridegroom go away.

Lottie Despard was beyond all comparison the prettiest, and she was also the youngest, of all the ladies in the lodges. She was of Irish descent, and she had the whiteness of skin, the blackness of abundant hair, the deep blue eyes that so often go with Milesian blood. Such eyelashes had never been seen at St. Michael's; indeed, they had never been seen anywhere "out of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks!" some ill-natured critics said. Sometimes, when Lottie was specially pale or weary, they seemed to overshadow her face; but she was neither weary nor pale at this particular moment. She was in great excitement on the contrary, and flushed with expectation. Though she was only the daughter of a poor chevalier, Lottie had advantages which separated her from the rest of that little company. Her father was of good family, a point on which she insisted strenuously; and she herself was the possessor of a beautiful voice. The former particular would not have been of much advantage to her, for what was the Despard's old and faded quality to the great people at St. Michael's? But a voice is a different matter; and there had arisen between Miss Huntington and the chevalier's daughter a kind of intimacy very flattering (the neighbors thought) to Lottie. They had sung together so much and seen so much of each other, that the lodges expected nothing less than that Lottie would have been asked to the wedding or even — greater honor still! — to be a bridesmaid; and Lottie herself had been wounded and disappointed beyond measure when she found herself left entirely out. But there was still the possibility that the bride might show she had not forgotten her humble friend altogether; and it was for this that Lottie was waiting so anxiously

as the time of departure approached. A word, a sign, a wave of the hand surely would be vouchsafed to her as the carriage passed. Her heart was beating loudly as she bent out of the window, — a pretty sight to see from without, for the window was framed in luxuriant wreaths of green, with trailing tendrils of the young delicate leaves which in autumn flamed like scarlet flowers against the wall. The people who were gathering on the road below gave many a look at her. And, though the young ladies from the shop, who had got half-an-hour's leave to see how their handiwork looked in the bride's travelling-dress, were deeply sensible of the fact that a poor chevalier's daughter was no better than themselves, yet they could not help looking and envying Lottie, if only for the window at which she could sit in comfort and see everything that went on, instead of standing in the sun as they had to do. They forgot her, however, and everything else as the carriage drove up to the Deanery to take the bridal pair away. The dean's daughter was so much the princess of the community that a compromise had been made between popularity and decorum; and it was in a carriage partially open, that an admiring people might behold her as she passed, that she was to drive away. There was the usual long waiting at the door while the farewells were made, during which time the outside world looked on respectfully; and then, with a crowd of "Good-byes" thrown after her, and a few — but only a very few, for the Deanery was nothing if not decorous — white satin slippers, and a prance and dash of the impatient horses, and a flourish of the coachman's whip, and a parting gleam of the wedding favor on his breast, the bridal pair rolled rapidly past, and all was over. How quickly they went, everybody said, and how well she looked; and how well that brown dress looked, though it had been thought rather dowdy for such an occasion; and the feather in the hat, how well it matched, about which there had been so much trouble! Some who had the time paused to see the wedding-guests disperse, and catch other beatific glimpses of fine bonnets and gay dresses; but most of the spectators, after this last and crowning point of the performance, streamed down the slope and out at the great gateway, and were seen no more.

Lottie drew in her head from the window the moment the carriage passed. She grew red when other people grew pale, being pale by nature; and her face was

crimson as she withdrew it from the opening, and came in again to the little room in which most of her life was spent. Her lips were closed very tight, her soft forehead contracted, her blue eyes, gleaming with anger and disappointment, were (most unwillingly) quenched in tears. She clasped her hands together with a vehement clasp. "It would have cost so little to give a look!" she cried; then bit her lips and clenched her hands and stamped her foot upon the floor, in a forlorn but vigorous effort to restrain her tears.

"What does it matter to you?" said a tall young fellow, sufficiently like Lottie to prove himself her brother, who had looked out lazily over her head while the carriage was passing. He had his hands in his pockets and a slouching gait generally, and looked too big for the little room. She had almost pushed against him in her rapid movements, for his movements were never rapid, and he had not had time to take one hand out of his pocket before she flashed round upon him with two red spots on her cheeks and fury in her heart.

"What does it matter? Oh, nothing! nothing!" cried Lottie. "Why should anything matter? It only shows me a little more, a very little more, how cold the world is, and that nobody has a heart!"

"Few people have very much, I suppose," said the young man; "at least, so the governor says; and sometimes it's hard lines, or so I hear. But what good or harm could it do you to have a parting sign from *her*? I knew she would never give it you. I knew she would be thinking of nobody but herself——"

"What did you know about it?" cried the girl. "You were never a friend of hers! you were never begged and prayed to go and sing at the Deanery! she never came down the Abbey Hill to look for you! But me she has done all that for; and when I thought just for once she would let everybody see that Lottie Despard was a friend—O Law, for the love of heaven, go and work at something, and don't stand there staring at me!"

"What am I to work at?" said the young man with a yawn. "It's past working hours; besides, in summer how can any one work? I can't make head nor tail of that Euclid when the sun is shining."

"But when the sun is not shining, Law?"

"Oh! then," said the youth, with a bright Irish smile breaking over his somewhat cloudy face, "I can make out the

head, but not the tail, and the sting is in the tail, you know! Good-bye, Lottie, and never mind any mother's daughter of them. They cannot make us anything but what we are, whatever they may do."

"And what are we?" said Lottie to herself, as her brother strolled lazily out. There was more air to breathe when he was gone, which was something. She sat down upon the little old faded sofa, and shed a few more bitter tears of disappointment and mortification. We all like to think well of ourselves when that is possible; to think well of our belongings, our people, our position in the world—all that makes up that external idea of us which we make acquaintance with often years before we know our own real being. No one can tell what the atmosphere of well-being, of external credit, and public esteem is to a child; and this Lottie had never known. They had been poor, but poverty is no hindrance to that feeling of harmony with the world around which is the higher soul of respectability. But there had not been much about the Despards to respect. The father had been a good officer in his day, and if he had not been without money and interest, and everything that could help him on, might have been distinguished in his profession. But those were the days of purchase, and Captain Despard had remained Captain Despard, and had bitterly resented this fact. His wife, too, though she was Lottie's mother and sacred on that account, had not been of a kind to reclaim for her husband the failing credit of his life. They had lived, as most poor officers on half pay with pretensions to gentility and hankerings after pleasure, do live. They were in debt all round, as need not be said; and Mrs. Despard's life would have been rendered miserable by it if she had not escaped from the contemplation by means of every cheap merry-making or possible extravagance she could attain to. All had been huggermugger in Lottie's early life; a life not destitute of amusements, indeed, but full of bitterness, small mortifications, snubs, and the cold shoulder of social contempt. Lottie herself had heard in childish quarrels, through the frank recriminations of her childish companions, the frankest statements of what other people thought of her parents; and this had opened her baby eyes prematurely to the facts of the case. It must be supposed that there was some respectable grandpapa, some precise and orderly aunt in the Despard kindred, who had given to Lottie a nature so different

from that of her immediate progenitors. As she grew older everything about her had looked to Lottie as the fairy splendor looked in the eyes of the disenchanted human spectator. Her mother's gay dresses, which she once thought so pretty, came to look like the miserable finery they were; her mother's gaiety had become noise and excitement. Her father's grand air grew the poorest false pretension; for must he not know, Lottie thought, how everybody spoke of him, how little any one thought of his assumption? And the house was miserable, dirty, disorderly, mean and gaudy, full of riot and waste and want and poverty — one day a feast, another nothing. Even careless Law — the big boy who was too much at home, who was scarcely ever at school, and who often had no clothes to go out in — even Law saw how wretched it was at home, though he was hopeless as well as careless, and asked his sister what was the good of minding, what could they do? But Lottie was not of the kind which can let ill alone, or well either, for that matter. She did mind; and as she grew older, every week, every day added to the flame of impatience in her. Just, however, when that was coming beyond the possibility of further repression, Mrs. Despard fell ill and died, and Lottie at sixteen was left alone, miserable, with remorseful thoughts of having recently blamed the mother who was now out of reach, and to whom she could never make amends for those injurious secret fault-findings; and full of anxieties unspeakable — forlorn wonderings what she was to do, and eagerness to do something. Her grief was lightened by the feeling that now she had everything in her hands and could "make a change," even when it was made more heavy by the thought that she had found fault in her heart with the mother who was dead. It seemed to the girl that she must be able, by dint of devoting herself to it, to change everything, — to keep the house in order if she did it with her own hands, to pay the bills wherever the money came from. She was overflowing with life and energy and activity, and disapproved of all the ways of the past. She was like a new king coming to the throne, a new ministry of idealists bent upon undoing all their predecessors had done and doing everything as it ought to be done. Alas, poor Lottie! the young king with all the stiff precedents of a hundred years against him, the young ministry confronted by a thousand problems, and finding their ideal pronounced impracticable on every side,

were nothing to the heaven-born reformer of the household with a pleasure-loving, impecunious father to whom debt was second nature, and who always had preferred fun to respectability. And she dashed at her reforms too boldly, as was natural to her age, insisting upon brushings and sweepings till Betty threw up her situation, and asking for money till her father swore at her. "It is to pay the bills, papa! I want to pay the bills!" she had said, reduced to plead for that which she thought she had a right to demand. "D — the bills!" was all Captain Despard replied.

And even Law, when Lottie tried to order him off to school, was unmanageable. He was no reformer like his sister, but on the whole preferred going just when it suited him and lounging at home between. To be sure home was less amusing now that poor mammy, as they called her, was gone. Her laughter and her complaints, and her odd visitors, and all her slipshod ways, had kept noise and movement, if nothing more, about the house. The tawdry women and the shabby men who had been her friends were all afraid of the dulness which naturally follows a death in the family. Some of these women, indeed, had come to Lottie all tears and kisses, offering to stay with her, and asking what they could do; but their sympathy did not comfort the girl, who even in her deepest grief was all tingling with plans and desires to be doing, and an eager activity and impatience to make the changes she wished. But they fluttered away every one when the first excitement was over, and the dulness that is inevitable fell upon the house. To do them justice, there was not one among them who would not have come daily to "sit with Lottie," to comfort her with all the news that was going, and tell her that she must not mope. But Lottie wanted none of their consolations, and did not miss her mother's friends when they abandoned her. She did not miss them, but Law did. Yet he would not go to school; he sat and made faces at her when she ordered and scolded him. "If I didn't do what *she* told me, do you think I will do what you tell me?" said Law; and then Lottie wept and prayed. "What will become of you, Law? what will you ever be good for? Papa has no money to leave us, and you will not be able to do anything!"

"Who said I wanted to do anything?" said Law flippantly; and then, "Who said I should not be able to do anything?" he added with offence. "I can pick it up whenever I like." But Lottie, preternat-

urally, awfully wise, feeling the burden of the world upon her shoulders, knew that he could not pick it up when he pleased. She knew that education had to be acquired painfully, not sipped a little mouthful at a time. She had never had any education herself, but yet she knew this, as she knew so many things, by instinct, by constant critical observation of the habits which she disapproved. There are few more vigorously successful ways of finding out what is right than by living among people whom we feel indignantly to be wrong.

"You may think what you like," she said, "Law—but I *know* that you cannot learn anything in that way. Three days at home and one at school! I wonder they let you go at all. I wonder they don't turn you out. I wonder they did not turn you out long ago!"

"And that is just what they are always threatening to do," said Law, laughing, "but they have not the heart of a mouse, the fellows at the grammar school. And they'll never do it, though I shouldn't mind. I should be free then, and never have to trouble my head about anything at all."

"You'll have to trouble your head when you have to work and don't know how," said Lottie. "Oh, if I was a boy! It's no use wishing, I am only a girl, and you are a great lump, neither one nor the other; but if I were only a boy, and could get something to do and a little money to pay these bills——"

"Oh, dash the bills, as papa says. He don't say 'dash,'" said Law, with provoking calm; "but then I shouldn't swear."

"Oh, Law, I should like to beat you!" said Lottie, clenching her little fists in impotent anger, and setting her teeth. But Law only laughed the more.

"You had better not," he said, when he had got over his laugh, "for I am a deal stronger than you."

And so he was, and so were they all, much stronger than poor Lottie; even Betty, who would not scrub, but who was too well used to all the ways of the family and aware of all their troubles to be sent away. She fought for a time hard and bitterly, striving with all her might to clean, and to dust, and to keep things straight, to the infinite discontent of everybody concerned. But yet perhaps the girl's struggles were not utterly without use; for when the next astonishing change came into their lives, and their little income was suddenly increased by half, and a removal made necessary, Captain Despard, of his own accord, turned Lottie's despair in a

moment into hope and joy. He said, "Now, Lottie, you shall have things your own way. Now you shall see what you can do. This is a new start for us all. If you can keep us respectable, by Jove, you shall, and nobody shall stop you. A man ought to be respectable when he's made a chevalier of St. Michael." Lottie's heart leaped up, up from where it lay fathoms deep in unutterable depression and discouragement. "Oh, papa, papa, do you mean it? Will you keep your word?" she cried, happy yet dubious; and how he kept it, but with a difference, and how they set out upon this new chapter in their career, shall be told before we come back again to Lottie in her proper person, in the little drawing-room in the chevaliers' quarters within the Abbey precincts, on Miss Huntington's wedding-day.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CHEVALIERS' LODGES.

THE name of a chevalier of St. Michael sounds very splendid to innocent and un-instructed ears. It is a title which stands alone in England at least. Poor knights have been heard of both in flesh and blood and in confectionery, in other places; but the title chevalier is preserved in St. Michael's and there alone. Lottie thought it very imposing, and her heart leaped, partly with a sense of her own injustice all her life to her father, of whose merits, in youthful irreverence, she had hitherto thought but little. He must be, she thought involuntarily, a great deal braver, better, and altogether of more importance than she had supposed, when his qualities could win him such a distinction from his country; for that it was a distinction accorded by the country Lottie had no manner of doubt in those days. She was overawed and overjoyed: first of all on account of the people in Fairford, where they had hitherto lived, and who had shown but little respect for the family; but much more on her own account. She felt reconciled to herself, to her kind, to all her circumstances, when she reflected that she was the daughter of a chevalier of St. Michael, and that Betty would never leave Fairford, and that Captain Despard had expressed himself in favor of respectability as a thing to be cultivated. Life suddenly took a new aspect to her. She thought they would be able to shake off every incumbrance when they went away. Her father would henceforward live a stately and dignified life as became his position. He would not haunt the places

where billiards were played, and wear a number of shabby coats, each worse than the other, but every one with a flower in it. The flower, which most people would have thought a softening clause, was intolerable to Lottie; it looked like a piece of braggadocio, a wilful defiance of public opinion or declaration of independence. But henceforward, if he must wear a flower, it must be at least in a tolerable coat; henceforward he would be trim and smooth, and come in at a respectable hour; henceforward there should be no bills except weekly ones, and Law should go to school — nay, Law was too old for school now — but at least he would read with a tutor, and grow into a creature of whom his sister might be proud. Perhaps this was but another way of expressing the domestic tyranny of which Lottie's will was full. She was so anxious to be able to be proud of her father and brother; was not that another way of saying that she wanted to get them up, or down, to her feminine standard, and control and bind and keep them at her apron-string? So, perhaps, a cynic might have said. But Lottie was unconscious of any such intention. She was eager to have something which she had not, the opposite of what she had — and thus, too, it may be said, she fell into a commonplace.

But when the family got to St. Michael's, Lottie's hopes came to a melancholy conclusion. Not only did Captain Despard remain very much the same — which was a thing that most people anticipated — and Law decline the tutor upon whom Lottie had set her heart: but St. Michael's itself and the chevaliership turned out something very different from the girl's exalted expectations. She found that this office was not looked upon on the spot as a reward of distinguished merit bestowed by the country, but only as a sort of pension for a number of shabby old soldiers whose friends had scraped together interest enough to have them thus poorly provided for. She found a hierarchy of a totally different kind constituted and reigning in which these poor chevaliers had no place. And she found herself — she whose chief inspiration was this proud and eager desire to be somebody — in a place where she could never be other than nobody, and where no nobler self-denial on the part of her father, no virtue in Law, could call forth the acclamation of the world. In Fairford there were people as poor as themselves whom all the world thought well of, and of whom

Lottie was envious; but here she was one of a class who were not thought very well of, and whom nobody esteemed; while at the same time close before her eyes, daily visible, appeared the class to which in imagination and by right of nature Lottie felt herself to belong, the real upper class; refined people with libraries and quantities of books; ladies who had all manner of accomplishments, who could play, and who could draw, and speak foreign languages. But they took no notice of Lottie, nor for that matter of anybody belonging to the chevaliers; the very tradespeople in the town looked coldly at her, she thought, when she gave orders for her small purchases to be sent to the lodges, and the only people who came to see her were the other chevaliers' wives and daughters, whom Lottie, moved by the popular sentiment, even when she fought most bitterly against it, felt herself disposed to despise. It is not pleasant to find that only your own class take any notice of you. If a baker's wife were to be visited by none but bakers' wives she would not like it, though perhaps her most intimate friends would naturally be in the trade; and Lottie did not like it. She had expected something so different. Society, she thought, and a brighter world were going to open upon her; and lo! nothing at all opened upon her except the new little community of shabby old soldiers with their wives, disposed to be fine, as her mother's friends had been, and able to carry out their inclinations, oh, so poorly! poor shabby ladies with their reminiscences of gay garrisons or gossiping Indian stations. Some of them had seen a great deal of life, and might have furnished much amusement to an observant young woman. But Lottie was sore, and disappointed, and humbled in her own conceit.

And there was another way in which the word of promise was kept to her ear, with far other meaning than she had hoped. Captain Despard had a very serious interview with his daughter when they arrived in their little house. He called her out of the little box which was her drawing-room to the other little box where he had established himself, and deigned to enter upon the question of income.

"Now, Lottie," he said, "you have chosen to bother me lately about money, and expressed views which I could not sanction about weekly bills."

"Only to save you trouble, papa," said Lottie; "if we do it every week, we may

hope to keep within our income; but how can you ever do that when you leave butchers and bakers for a year?"

"My child," said Captain Despard, with his grand air, "circumstances have enabled me to yield to your wishes. I don't say if it's a system I approve or don't approve. I say to myself, Lottie is my only girl, and she is like her dear mother; she shall have her way. From this day, my dear, the new income which I receive from my country will go straight into your hands. It is but a pittance. A poor soldier stands a poor chance in these times, but such as it is, my love, it shows your father's trust in you. Take it, Lottie, and pay your bills according to your pleasure. I will ask no questions; weekly, monthly, or once a quarter, as long as I have a bit of dinner and a cup of coffee when I want it. Your father's confidence in you is perfect, Lottie, and I leave it all to you."

"Papa!" said the girl, trembling, half delighted, half frightened, half taken in by that grand air. But he would hear no more. He kissed her forehead with the favorite action of the *père noble*, and hurried away. "No thanks, my child; no thanks," he said.

It was a pittance. Lottie stood when he left her gazing after him, her veins tingling with mingled disappointment and pleasure. To the inexperienced it seems always possible to do a great deal with a little, and the power of paying bills at all seemed a heavenly power. But Captain Despard chuckled to himself as he went away. He had purchased by that fine address the right to be disagreeable ever after, to wave his hand loftily, and to decline all knowledge of details. "Keep to your bargain, my dear, and I'll keep to mine," he had the right to say; and whereas some of his former income always had to be wasted upon the household, let him make what resistance he would, at least that would be the case no longer. Thus Lottie had her way, but in such a changed form that it no longer seemed her way. With the addition of the St. Michael's allowance she had hoped that there would be plenty for all needs; but what was she to do with the St. Michael's allowance and no more? Nevertheless, Lottie plucked up a heart. To feel that she had something was always exhilarating, and inexperience has wild hopes which knowledge does not venture to share. Her little room was full, for a week after, of little bits of paper scribbled over with calculations. She was determined to do it. If the dinner was not good enough for papa, he must

just go and dine elsewhere. And there was no Betty to make herself disagreeable, but only a young girl, whom Lottie, heaven save her! meant to train. Once a week or so Law and she could very well do without a dinner. They were both still great on bread and butter, and capable, not knowing anything about digestion, of swallowing innumerable cups of tea. Her fond hopes of furniture and "picking up things" to make the little old house pretty, must be relinquished, it was true; but still at nineteen one can put up with a great deal in the present. There is always the future, so much of the future, like the sky and the plain from St. Michael's hill, spreading above, below, everywhere without limit or bound, save in the eyes which can only reach a certain distance. So Lottie comforted herself for "just now," and marched on into her life, colors flying and drums beating, taking as little heed as she could of those stragglers who would always fall out of the ranks — her father always shuffling off to some new haunt or other, the places which such men find out by instinct in the least-known locality, and large, loose-limbed Law, whose vague career was always dubious, and who could not keep step. Never mind! Lottie herself set out, brave, head erect, eyes straight, all her faculties in fullest attention to the roll of her own cheerful drum.

The earliest part of her career here, however, was brightened yet disturbed by a discovery which considerably confused her mind in her outset, and seemed to open better prospects before her. Lottie found out that she had a voice. She had known that she could sing long before, and had performed many a time in the little parlor at Fairford to the admiration of all hearers, singing every new comic song that burst upon the little provincial world from the music-halls in London, and knowing no better, so long as she was a child. There was no harm in the songs she sang, nothing but absolute silliness and flippancy such as is natural to that kind of production; but as Lottie grew into womanhood, and began by instinct to know better, she gave them up, and knowing no others except some ancient sentimental ditties of her mother's, gave up singing, so far as a musical creature can give up what is another kind of breathing to her. But when she heard the choir in the Abbey Church, Lottie woke up, with such a delightful discovery of what music was, and such an ecstatic finding out of her own powers, as words cannot express. She had an old, jingling, worn-out piano,

and had "learned to play" from her mother, who knew nothing about it, except as much as could be taught to a schoolgirl twenty years before; but this meagre instruction, and the bad instrument, and the half-dozen "pieces" which were all Mrs. Despard's musical library, had not attracted the pupil, and it was not till she heard the organ pealing through St. Michael's, and the choristers singing like angels — though they were not like angels out of doors — that Lottie awoke to a real consciousness of her own gift. She had never had any education herself. Though she was so anxious for school for Law, it had not occurred to her that she wanted any schooling. Lottie was narrow-minded and practical. She did not understand self-culture. She wanted Law to learn, because without education he could not do anything worth thinking of, could not earn any money, could not get on in the world. Perhaps it is true that women have a natural inclination to calculate in this way. She did not care a straw for the cultivation of Law as Law, but that he should be good for something, get a good situation, have some hopes of comfort and prosperity. For herself, what did it matter? She never could know enough to teach, and Captain Despard would not let his daughter teach; besides, she had plenty to do at home, and could not be spared. She could read and write, and do her accounts, the latter very well indeed; and she had learned to "play" from her mother, and she could sew, rather badly at first, rather well now by dint of practice. What did a girl want more? But Lottie discovered now that a girl might want more.

"Is there any place where they will teach you to sing without money?" she said one day to old Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, her next-door neighbor, the old lady of all her neighbors whom Lottie liked best.

"Me jewel!" cried the old lady; "and is it without a charge you're meaning? They send an account if you do but look at them here, me dear."

"All of them?" said Lottie; "for I can sing, and I should like to learn to sing; but, you know, I can't pay — much —"

"I know; nothing at all, if you're like us, me honey. But maybe you're better off. O'Shaughnessy, we don't make a secret of it, rose from the ranks, and we've never had a penny — I don't care who knows it — barring our pay."

"We are not like that," said Lottie, drawing herself up. "Papa was always a gentleman" ("Then I don't give much for

such gentlemen," murmured the other chevalier's lady under her breath), "and we have a little. That is — I mean he has a little — papa has a little," the girl said, on the edge of a confidence; and then stopped suddenly short.

"It don't do much for the children, I'll go bail," said the old lady. "That's the worst of fine gentlemen, me dear. O'Shaughnessy he asks me for a shillin' when he wants it, bless him — and that's the only way when there's so little. Singing, is it? If you're always to make such a stand on being a lady, me friend Lottie, I don't see how I can help you; but if you will come in free and comfortable, and take a dish of tay when Rowley's there — oh, to be sure, puff! my lady's off — but there's no harm in it; and he'll make you die with laughin' at him, him and his airs — and they tell me he has the best voice and the best method of any of the lay clerks."

"A singing man!"

"Well, and that was what ye wanted!" said the old woman. "You know as well as me, Miss Lottie, there's no singin' woman here."

Lottie protested that she could not consent to appear in such company — that papa would not allow it — that it was impossible. But she ended by promising to "run in" before old Major O'Shaughnessy began his rubber, and see this singing man. And the result was that, half out of friendship for his Irish hosts who did not pretend to be above him, and half out of pride to be interrogated so graciously about his invalid daughter by a young lady who gave herself such airs, Rowley, the first tenor, agreed for so low a rate as had never been heard of before to train Miss Despard's beautiful voice. "If the young lady had been a little boy, and if the signor could but ha' gotten hold on it!" Rowley said, in enthusiasm. It was the voice, which is impersonal, of which he spoke, and the signor was the organist. But good fortune had not as yet thrown him in Lottie's way. Soon, however, Rowley began to whisper it about that he had got a pupil who was quite good enough for Exeter Hall, if not for the Italian Opera, and the whole community was interested. Lottie herself, and her pretty looks, had not attracted any notice — but a voice was a very different matter. And then it was that steps were taken to make, for Lottie only, a "practicable" gap in the hedge of prickles which surrounded the cloisters and kept intruders out. Miss Despard was invited

cautiously to join the St. Michael's Choral Society, in which the divinities on the hill did not disdain to mingle their voices even with the lower-born outside the Abbey walls. And when it became known what a voice Lottie's was, the most remarkable thing happened that had occurred for at least a hundred years. The dean *called!* It was not Lady Caroline, but the dean; and a gentleman's visit, as is well known, is not the same thing as a lady's. But Lottie, who knew nothing of the laws of society, was flattered and happy, and saw a hundred lovely visions unfolding before her when the dean invited her to go to a private practice which was then going on in the Deanery drawing-room. "My daughter bade me fetch you, Miss Despard, if you would be good enough to come," he said gravely; but waited very impatiently till she was ready, in great terror lest "the father" should make his appearance, and his visit be construed into a call upon Captain Despard. Lottie put on her hat with her heart leaping and bounding. At last she had done it! At last paradise was opening before the peri! At last the wrongs of fate were to be set right, and herself conveyed back into her natural sphere. She went by the dean's side demurely, with downcast eyes, across the slope to the Deanery garden. The very stones felt elastic under her feet, there was a ringing of excitement and delight in the air and in her ears. She arrived breathless at the door, though they had not walked fast. So absorbed was she by all that was about to happen that Lottie never thought of the sensation there ran through the Abbey when the dean was seen walking to his own dignified door in company with Captain Despard's daughter. *That* Miss Despard? Lottie? The chevaliers, and their wives and daughters, could not believe their eyes.

Lottie held her head as high as usual when she came back. It no longer drooped with diffidence and delight. Once more she had come down with a jar into the realms of reality from those of hope. She was not received with open arms in that higher celestial world. Miss Augusta Huntington said, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" very sweetly, but Lady Caroline only bowed with her eyelids, a new mode of salutation which Lottie did not understand, and kept aloof—and no one else said anything to Lottie, except about the music. They gave her a cup of tea when all was over, but Lottie had to drink it in silence, while the others laughed and

chatted. She was not of them, though they had brought her among them for the sake of her voice. "Are you going, Miss Despard?" said the dean's daughter, putting on the same sweet smile. "We are so much obliged to you for coming—the next practice is next Tuesday. Will you come as early as possible, please?" It was on Lottie's lips to say no—to tell them that she was a lady too, a better gentlewoman than they were, since she would not have treated any stranger so. But she was fortunately too shy to say anything, and made her exist hastily, and not so gracefully as the others who were at home. But she would not allow, even to herself, that she had come down again in that painful tussle with reality, which is so much different from dreams. She kept very quiet and said nothing, which seemed the wisest way. And as she walked home with a much more stately gravity than was her wont—a state put on to console herself for humiliation and disappointment and to vindicate, so to speak, her own dignity to herself, but which the lookers-on gave a very different interpretation of—Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, nodding and smiling, and in a state of great excitement, threw up the window and called to her as she was going past. "Come up, come up, and tell me all about it," the old lady said, so audibly that some of the ladies and gentlemen who had been in the Deanery turned round to look, and smiled at each other, making Lottie furious. As she could not stand there and explain before all the world, Lottie obeyed the call, and rushing up-stairs to the kind old Irishwoman's little bit of a drawing-room, appeared crimson with shame and wrath at the door.

"How could you call out so loud and make them laugh?" she said, with a strong inclination to burst into hot tears.

"Laugh, was it? and sure I'm ready to laugh too. To see you and his reverence the dean, Miss Lottie—no less would serve you!—arm in arm like a pair of young —"

"We were not arm in arm," said Lottie, stamping her foot. Then she had the sense to perceive that the wicked old Irishwoman would but laugh the more at her petulance. She put her music on the table with a recovery of her dignified manners, and sat down.

"What did he say to ye? and what did me Lady Caroline say to ye? and were they all wild over yer beautiful voice, me honey?" said the old lady. "Come, take

off your hat, me pet, and ye shall have the best cup o' tea in the Abbey. And tell me all about it," she said.

"I have had a cup of tea, thank you," said Lottie. "Oh, yes, they are all well enough. Nobody talked to me—but then, I didn't expect them to talk to me. They wanted me to sing—and I sang—and that was all."

"And what more would you have, me jewel?" said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Now, you take my advice, Lottie. I'm old, and I know the world. Take what you can get, me dear, and wait till your time comes. Don't go and take offence and throw up the cards, and lose all you've got for a tantrum. Tantrums pass off, but life goes on. If they don't speak to you, it's their loss, for you have a clever little tongue o' your own. And you'll not be long there till they find out that. Don't say a word, me honey. I'll not bother you; but never take offence with the gentry—"

"The gentry!" cried the girl, furious, starting to her feet. "I am as much a lady as any of them—and more, for I would not be such—I would not be unkind—"

"Well—well—well! There, I have put my foot in it!" said the old lady. "I was thinking of meself, me dear, as if ye were a girl of me own. But you *are* a lady, honey; one has but to look at you," said the astute old woman; "and just you wait a bit, and all will come as it ought—sure, I know it will."

Lottie did not much trust the assurance, but she took the advice, feeling a quick admonition within herself as to the absurdity of her complaint, and the horrible possibility of anybody supposing that she felt herself not to be of the gentry, as good as any dean's daughter. So she went to the next practice, taking no notice of any want of courtesy, and the result was that there arose a kind of intimacy, as has been indicated, between Miss Huntington at the Deanery and the daughter of the poor chevalier—an intimacy, indeed, of a peculiar kind, in which all that was given came from the side of the poorer and insignificant, and the great young lady was content with taking all that poor Lottie was so willing to give. She sang the solos in their private little concerts, and though her science was less perfect than her voice, her ear was so good that Lottie was able to be a great deal of use. They sent for her when they had parties, when there was any one who wanted entertaining, and put Lottie to the only unnecessary personal expense she had ever gone into—a white muslin

frock to make her presentable among that fine company. And thus she had gone and come, and had been called upon on all occasions, but without making any nearer advance than at first. Lady Caroline still made her a little inclination of her eyelids, though now and then she went so far as to say, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" All of this, however, Lottie would have pardoned, if the bride, when she went away, had but at last remembered her, and made her some little sign of farewell.

From The Tatler.

#### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL is undoubtedly in itself a fine and vigorous sport. It should call forth the qualities of skill, pluck, and endurance. But what sane, unbiassed person can say that the "game," as it is now played in almost every town throughout the kingdom, possesses one single attribute entitling it to popularity? What can honestly be said of a "sport" in which mere brute force bears the palm from pluck and skill? It is a common boast of those to whose perverted genius the revival of Rugby football is due that they rescued it from extinction by converting it from a rough-and-tumble scramble into a science. Truly, a science they have made it, but it is one of maiming and manslaughter. It is no longer demanded that the ball shall be skilfully manipulated past all opposition, or guided to a spot where overwhelming concentration will carry the day. These splendid innovators have given a death-blow to the tactical skill of the game, which was its chief beauty. The Rugby football-player *par excellence* of to-day is a man who is prepared to go upon the field with his life in his hand; and the pet of the team is he who can inflict most injuries and incite the greatest terror by his ferocity. The football arena is no longer a space for good-natured, if arduous, contention for supremacy; that has been supplanted (improved upon, they would have us believe) by a fierce hand-to-hand struggle of weaponless savages.

The forward players, with the ball in their midst, engage in a *mêlée* of which promiscuous kicking not infrequently forms an important part, and which bears a close resemblance to the contention of a box of infuriated spiders over a solitary fly. But it is on a back player getting the ball, and attempting to run with it, that the

course brutality of the "game" fully manifests itself. From the moment of picking the ball from the ground the player who holds it becomes a being for whom the delicate attentions customarily paid by red Indians to one of their number who is "running the gauntlet" would be considered too humane and considerate. He is beset in every possible way, fair or foul. He will not relinquish his hold, but struggles for freedom; he is subjected to semi-strangulation. But he is still unconquered, and, by dint of leaving a moiety of his shirt in the hands of the enemy, he once more breaks away. The foe is upon him again, however, and just as he nears the goal line, and success seems certain, he is seized suddenly by the legs and dashed to earth with a violence that deprives him for some minutes of his senses. On rising it is more than likely that his collar-bone is broken or his knee-cup smashed, in which case he will be a cripple for the remainder of his days. Or, if he escape permanent injury, it does not by any means follow that the player by whom he was "tackled" will be so fortunate. Every time a player resorts to the expedient of "collaring low," which means dashing blindly at the legs of a man running at full speed, he runs a frightful risk of injury. Not one, two, or three, but hundreds of instances occur during every season, with unfailing certainty, in which players are borne from the field with broken ribs, legs, or arms. The thing has become so common that the fact of being a "crack" player at Rugby football is synonymous with the possession of

a frame that has experienced every conceivable description of fracture. Ask a dozen old players why they discontinued playing. It is notorious that many city firms and companies decline to retain the services of a football-player, so much loss have they sustained by the absence of their clerks on account of serious injuries. Let those who doubt inquire of the accident insurance companies how much is paid every year for football accidents. One of the largest has paid more for football than for gun and fire casualties put together.

Why should young men be thus permitted to risk life and limb with impunity? Let a couple of boxers, to whom hard knocks are but as pats from a cat's paw, engage in a bloodless combat, and everybody will fly out against the magistracy for non-interference. When a female acrobat, who knows perfectly well what she is about, and whose life is far too valuable to be heedlessly risked, adds a few feet to a sensation dive, the outcry is yet greater. Yet football, with its absolute certainty of permanent bodily injury to many, and inevitable proportion of fatal disaster, is not only permitted to flourish, but is actually applauded as a beneficial institution. We distinctly say that a so-called "game," the prominent feature of which is coarse brutality, and which fosters an utter disregard for human life and limb, can only have a tendency towards moral degradation; and we warn parents to consider well before committing their sons to the tender mercies of Rugby football.

PROF. ASAPH HALL has succeeded in obtaining a number of observations of a bright spot which he had noticed on the night of December 7th, 1876, on the ball of Saturn, and thereby deducing a value of the period of the planet's rotation, which is probably more accurate than any previous determination. The spot in question was two or three seconds in diameter, round and well defined, and of a brilliant white color. Besides Washington, it was, at Prof. Hall's request, observed at several other American observatories, and the time of rotation concluded (assuming the spot

to have no proper motion on the surface of the planet) is 10h. 14m. 23<sup>s</sup>. 8s. mean time. Sir William Herschel's determination (given in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1794) was 10h. 16m. 0<sup>s</sup>. 4s., and was derived from the different appearances of a quintuple belt in the winter of 1793-4. Prof. Hall points out a curious mistake, which had been copied into nearly all books on astronomy, assigning 10h. 29m. 16<sup>s</sup>. 8s. as Herschel's value of Saturn's rotation — this being in fact the time of rotation of Saturn's *ring*, not that of the planet itself.